

JUMBO COMICS

No 90
AUG.
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SHEENA
JUNGLE QUEEN

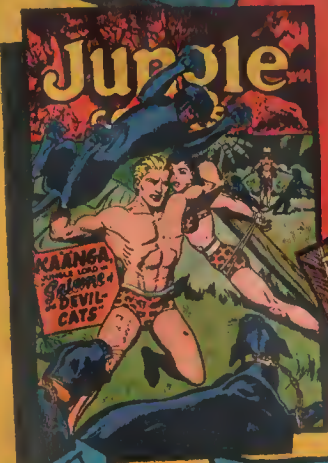
"DEATH KRAAL
of the MASTADONS"
Also Ghost Gallery
ESKY GIRL... THE HAWK
and many others—

The BIG OF THE COMICS!

EACH ONE A WINNER...
JAM-PACKED WITH
FAST ACTION AND
DRAMATIC ADVENTURE!



Who?
Guess?
Get the
best!



LOOK FOR THE
BULL'S-EYE!



A
FICTION
HOUSE
MAGAZINE

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NEXT ISSUE OF JUMBO COMICS (No. 91, SEPT.) ON SALE AT YOUR NEWSSTAND AUG. 1st.

SHEENA

Queen of the Jungle

by W. Morgan Thomas

IT WAS MANY MOONS AGO THAT THE T'GINI CHIEF HAD PROMISED TO REVEAL HIS SECRET BUT NOW, FOR HIM, THE SANDS OF TIME DRAINED LOW... AND TO HIS MIND CAME VISIONS OF DEATH! SO TO HIS SIDE HE CALLED HIS QUEEN... SHEENA!



HAIL, O CHIEF, ALREADY I HAVE SENT BOB, MY MATE, TO MEET YOUR WHITE FRIENDS OF MANY MOONS AGO!

WAH! THE OLD ONE CALLS SHEENA TO TELL HER HIS SECRET. BUT I, GORA, MUST ALSO LEARN IT!

IT IS WELL, QUEEN SHEENA. BUT MY HEART IS TROUBLED. THE GODS OF TIME YET TO COME HAVE WHISPERED TO ME!



ONLY I KNOW THE HIDING PLACE WHERE THE TUSKED ONES DIE...AND ONLY TO THE WHITE MEN YOUR MATE SOON MEETS WILL I TELL ITS SECRET...FOR THEY WILL USE ITS IVORY FOR GOOD, NOT EVIL.

WISE WORDS, O CHIEF, BUT WHAT OF THIS VISION WHICH TROUBLES YOU?

IT SAYS THAT DEATH AWAITS ME... BUT COME, THE TEMPLE HOLDS THE HIDDEN MAP.

THE MAP.. SOMEHOW I MUST GET IT, FOR THE WHITES PROMISED TO PAY ME WELL IF I FOUND IT!

I KNOW YOUR IDOL HOLDS THE MAP, BUT COULD NOT ANY EVIL ONE STEAL IT?

ONLY IF THEY WOULD CHANCE THE CLAWED KILLER CHAINED NEARBY, FOR ONLY I KNOW THE RIGHT STEPS TO THE ALTAR. IF ONE WALKS WRONG, THE CATS ARE RELEASED!

THERE! BUT BEFORE THE MAP, LET ME SHOW YOU MY VISION OF THINGS YET TO COME. RISE, O SMOKE, TELL ME YOUR THOUGHTS!

AIEE! LOOK-LOOK! THE SMOKE SPEAKS. BUT TELL ME, WHAT ELSE DOES THE SMOKE SHOW?

SUCH THINGS ARE ONLY FOR THOSE WHO BELIEVE! BUT TELL ME, WHAT ELSE DOES THE SMOKE SHOW?

SEE, NOW
IT CHANGES...
YET DEATH
WILL SEEK
TWO MORE
OF MY
FOLLOWERS!

STILL I SEE NOT,
O CHIEF! LOOK,
THE SMOKE
FADES!

YES, PERHAPS I ONLY DREAM
THESE THINGS. BUT
ENOUGH, HERE IS
THE MAP... GUARD
IT WELL.

AS, LURKING NEARBY...

MAYOMBA! MY STAFF WILL PRESS
THE STONES... FREEING THE
CATS! LET SHEENA AND THE
CHIEF DIE... THEN THE MAP
SHALL BE
MINE!

SUDDENLY...
BREAKING
LOOSE...

WHAT!! CHIEF,
GET BACK!
MY BLADE...

DIE, DEVIL,
DIE!

THE FLAME
URN TIPS...
AND BLACK
DEATH
SEIZES ME!
AIEE!

THE CHIEF DEAD...
FIRE SPREADS!
MUST ESCAPE!

BUT...

I BURN...
I BURN...
HELP!
OHH!



THE BLACK CAT KILLED THE CHIEF, AND I AM SAFELY FREE OF THE FIRE... YET I CANNOT FORGET THE VISION OF HOW THE CHIEF SAID HE WOULD DIE.



LATER, AFTER THE FLAMES DIE DOWN...

LOOK, SHEENA, ANOTHER BODY DO WE FIND. THAT OF GORA, OUR WITCH DOCTOR!

STRANGE! THE SMOKE TOLD THE CHIEF THAT TWO WOULD DIE! THIS IS ONE... WHO THEN WILL BE THE SECOND?



MEANWHILE...

ONLY CHANCE TO CROSS THIS STREAM IS THE RAFT WE'RE BUILDING. HAVE TO HURRY, THOUGH, TO MEET SHEENA ON TIME.

THANK HEAVENS YOU'RE GUIDING US, BOB!



TAKE A GANDER, BILL. SUE'S GOT SHEENA'S MATE EATING OUTA HER HAND!

YEAH, GOTTA HAND IT TO HER! IT WAS HER PLAN TO WAYLAY THE REAL GUYS WHO WERE ON THEIR WAY TO MEET THE CHIEF.



UH-UH, NOW WE TAKE THEIR PLACE, AN' WE FIND THE ELEPHANTS' GRAVEYARD AND ITS IVORY! BUT PIPE DOWN, THAT GUY BOB MIGHT HEAR US!



SUDDENLY...

MIGHT... AND DID! I WAS COMING BACK TO GET YOU TO HELP ME... NOW I'LL HELP YOUR GAL SUE TO JAIL, FOR MURDER!

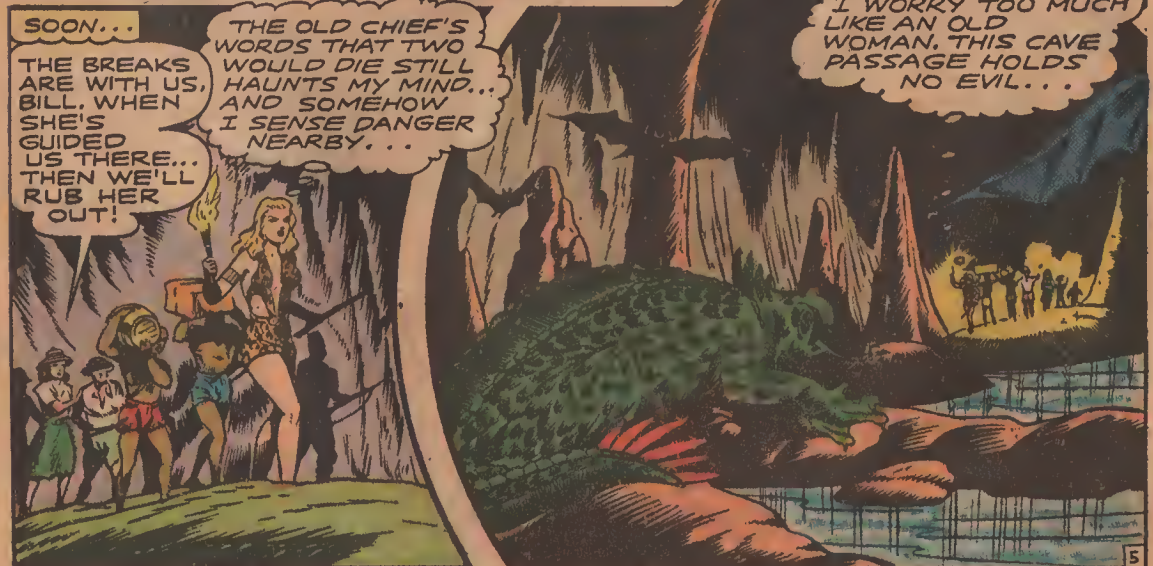
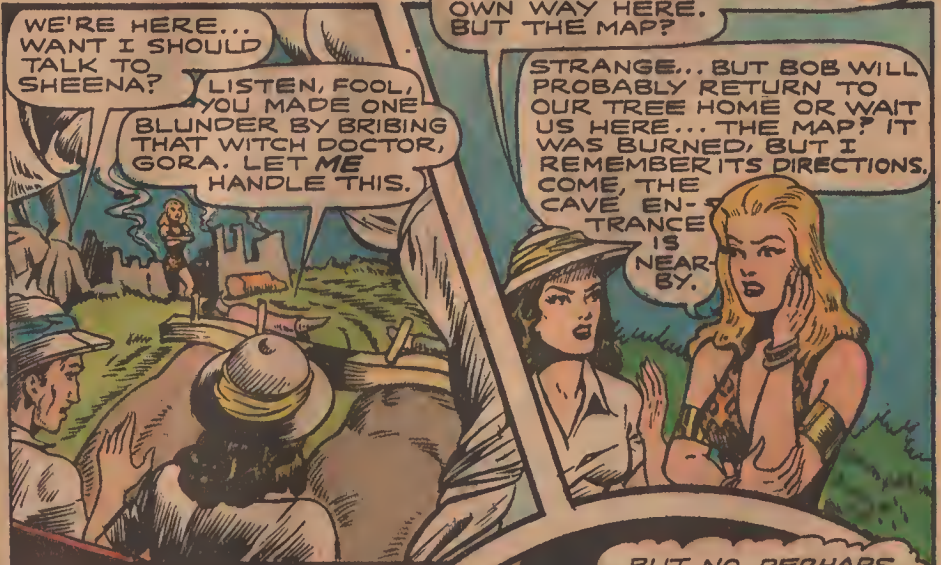


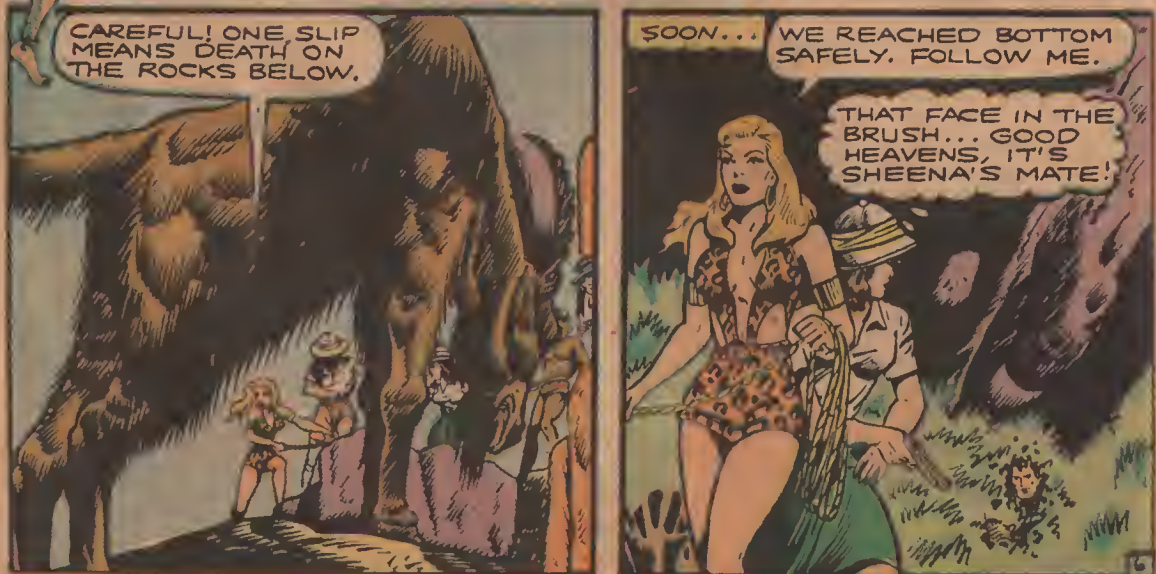
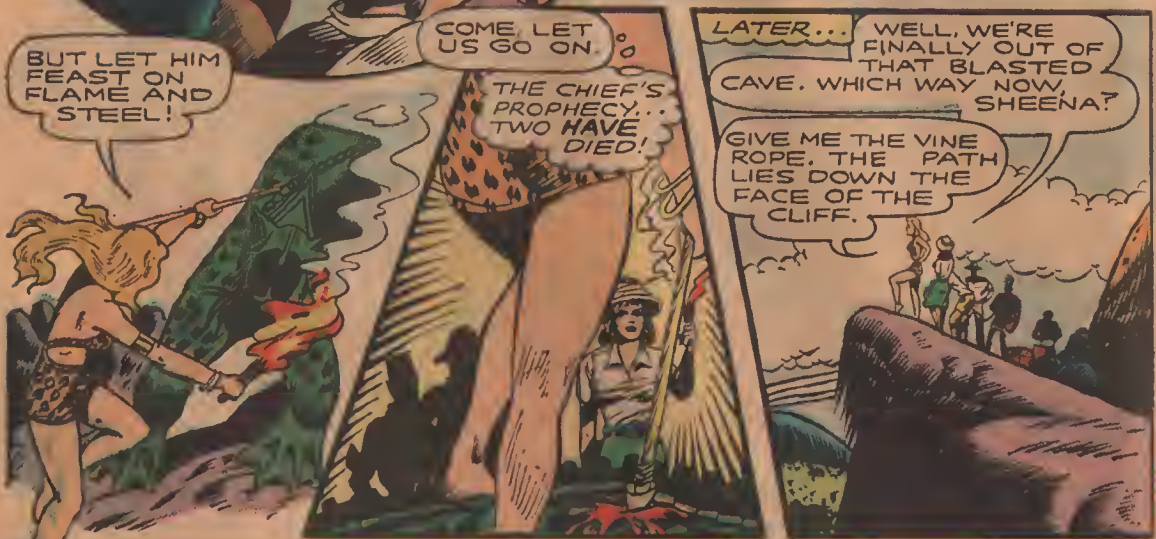
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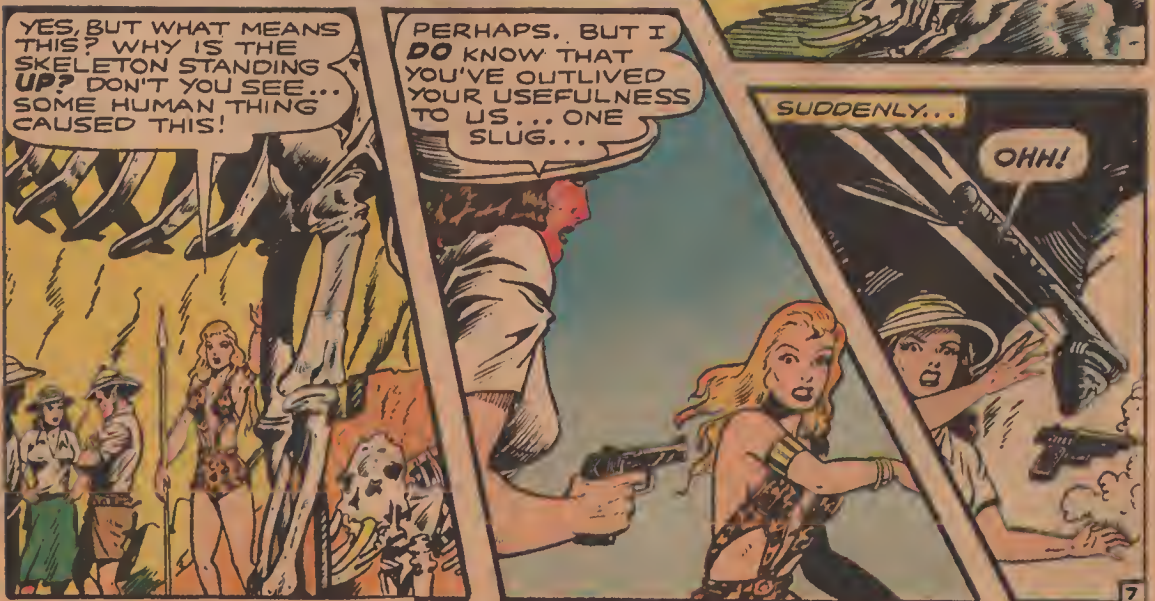
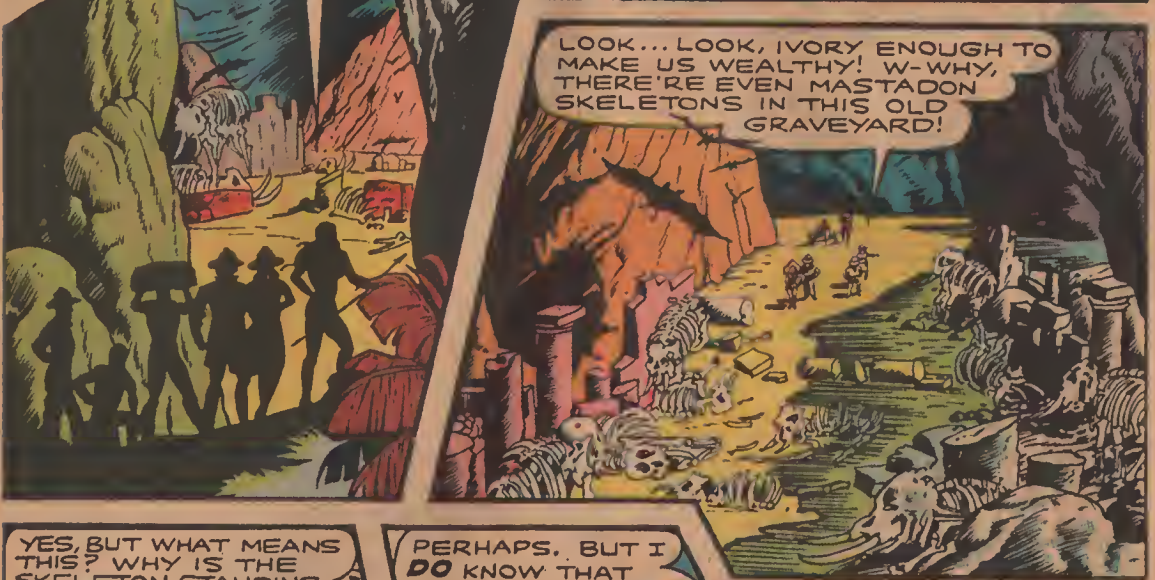
TO JAIL, EH? I'LL SEE ABOUT THAT!

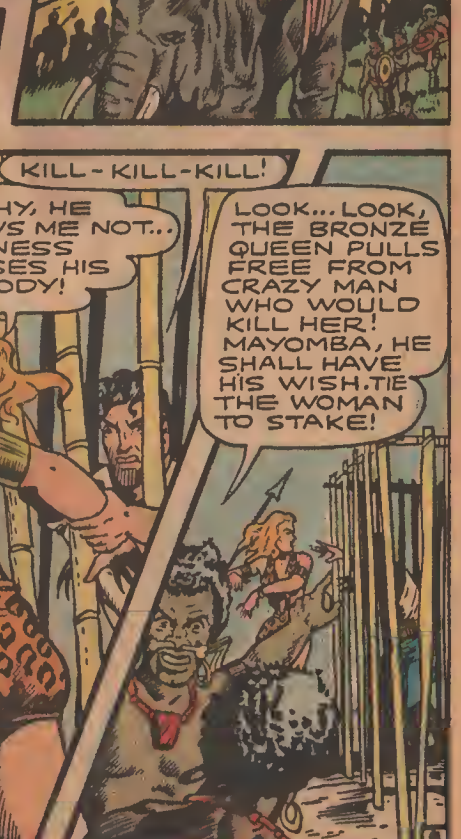
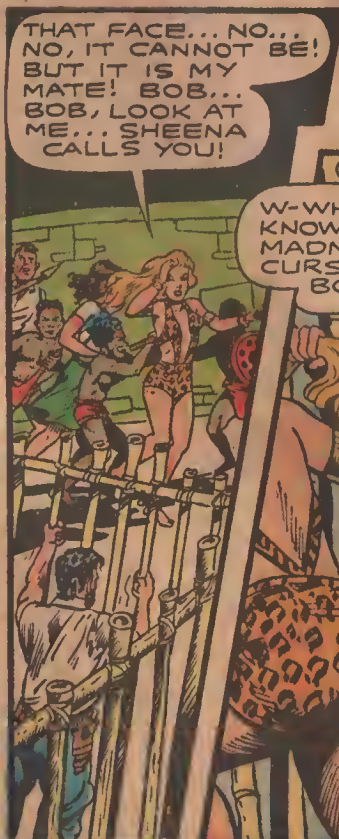


THE MANY TOOTHED KILLERS OF THE STREAM SPEARED FORWARD AS THE SWIFT WATER SWEEPED THEIR PREY AWAY... UNWATCHING, THE SAFARI TREKKED INLAND, LED BY ITS CREW OF EVIL. AND THUS IT WAS, TWO SUNS LATER...

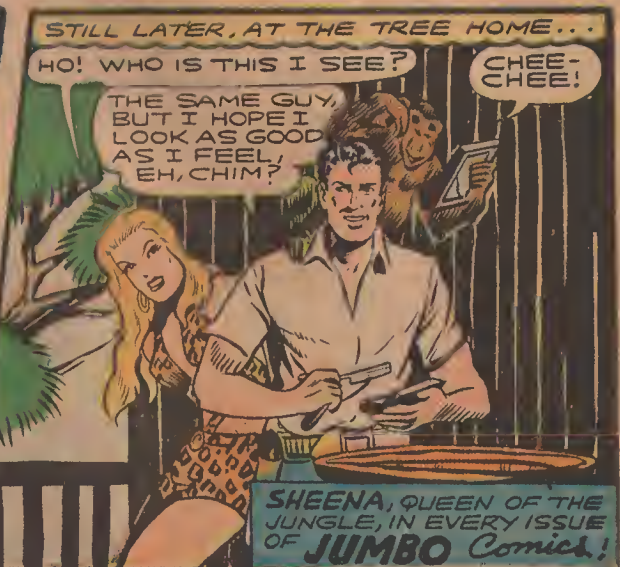
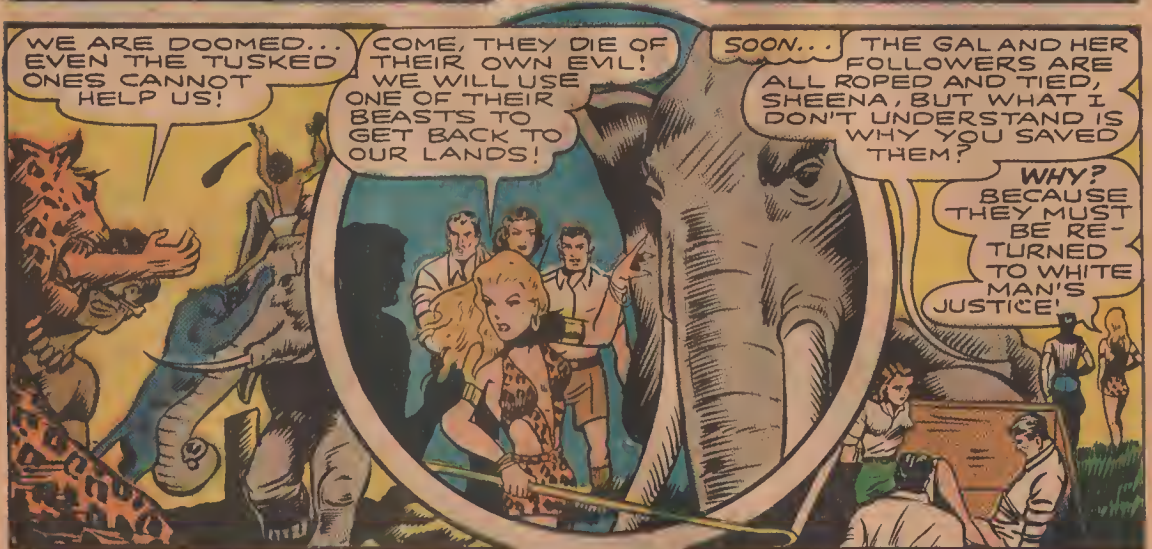












The Hawk

A WEALTHY MERCHANT
HEADED FOR THE LADY
SCARLETT- HEADED FOR
HER DOOM! A CUTTHROAT
CREW LAY IN WAIT AND
THE HAWK STOOD IDLY
BY!

BY WILLIS RENSIE

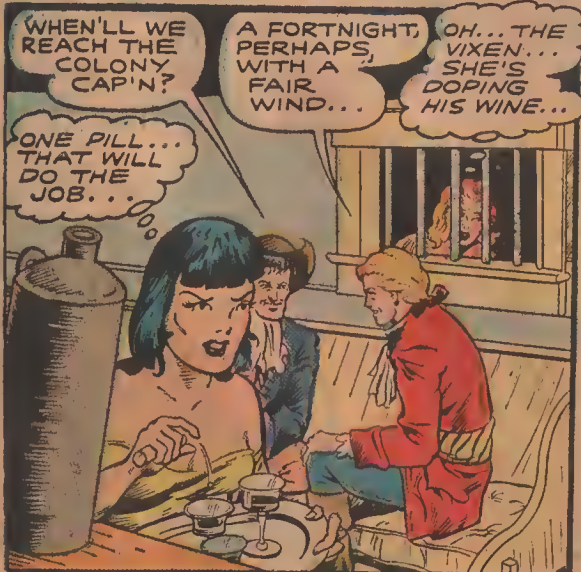
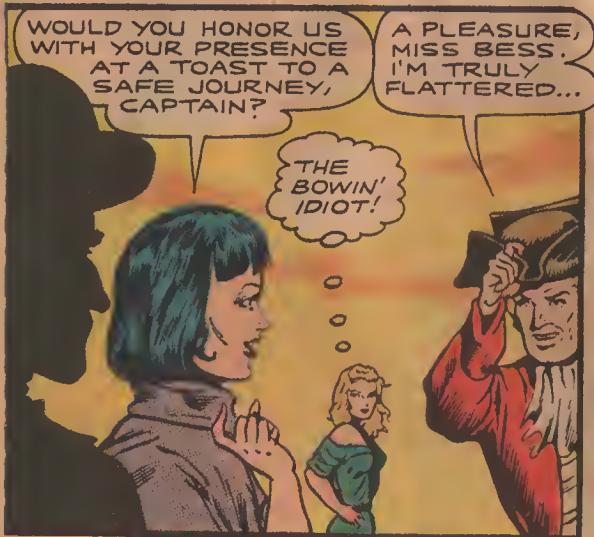
AYE, BLACK PATCH,
A SHIP'S OUR NEED...
ONE THAT'D BE
TRUSTED ALONGSIDE
THE WEALTHY
MERCHANTS...

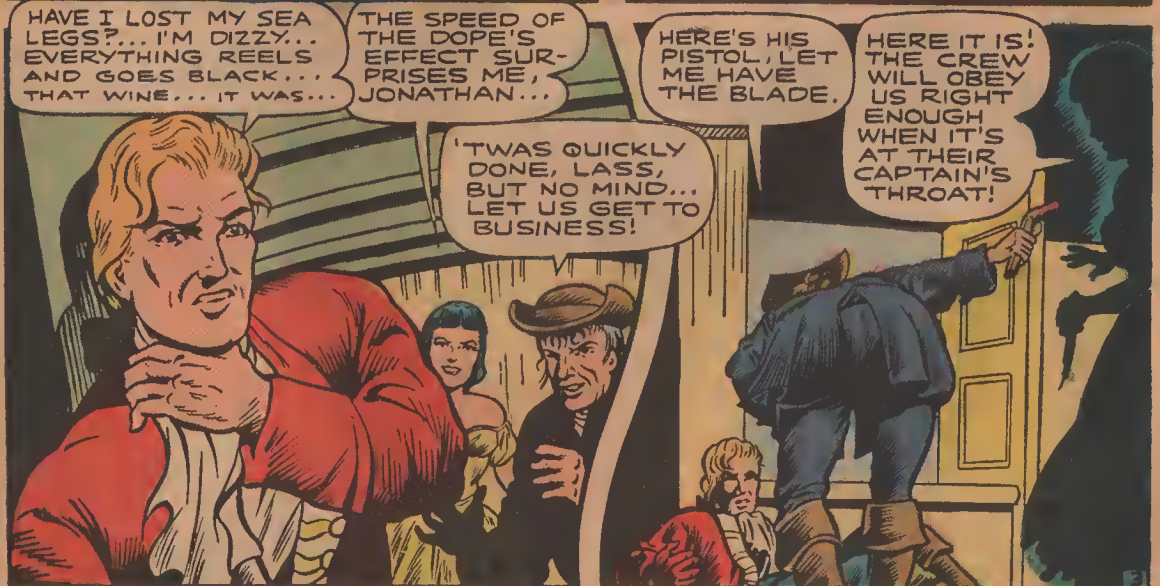
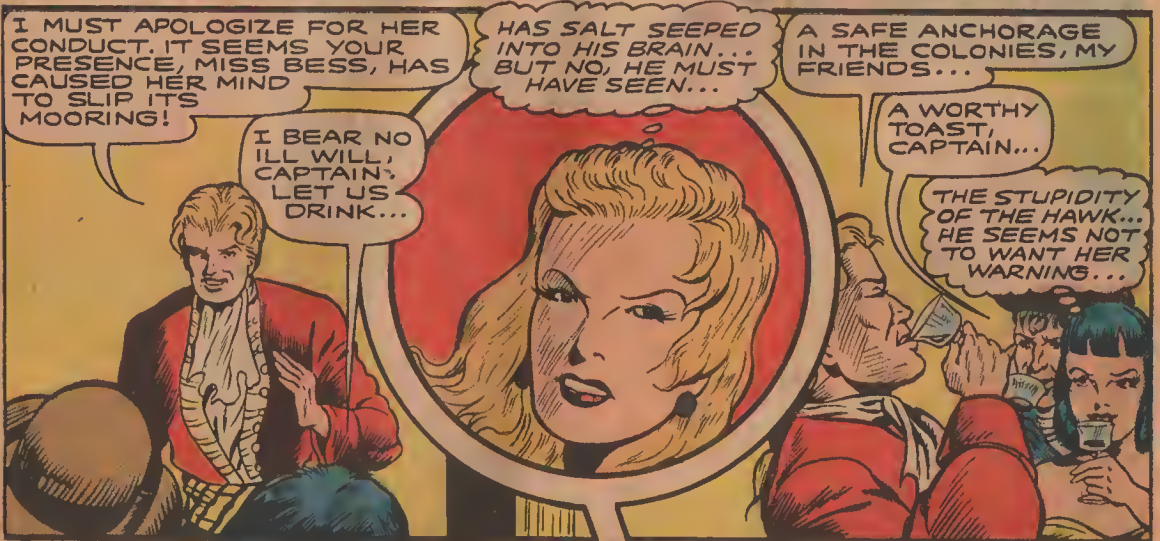
WHERE'S
A BETTER
ONE THAN
THE LADY
SCARLETT?
HAWK'S IN
PORT LOOKIN'
FOR A CARGO.

BUT WE'VE NO
CARGO TO BE
HAULED!

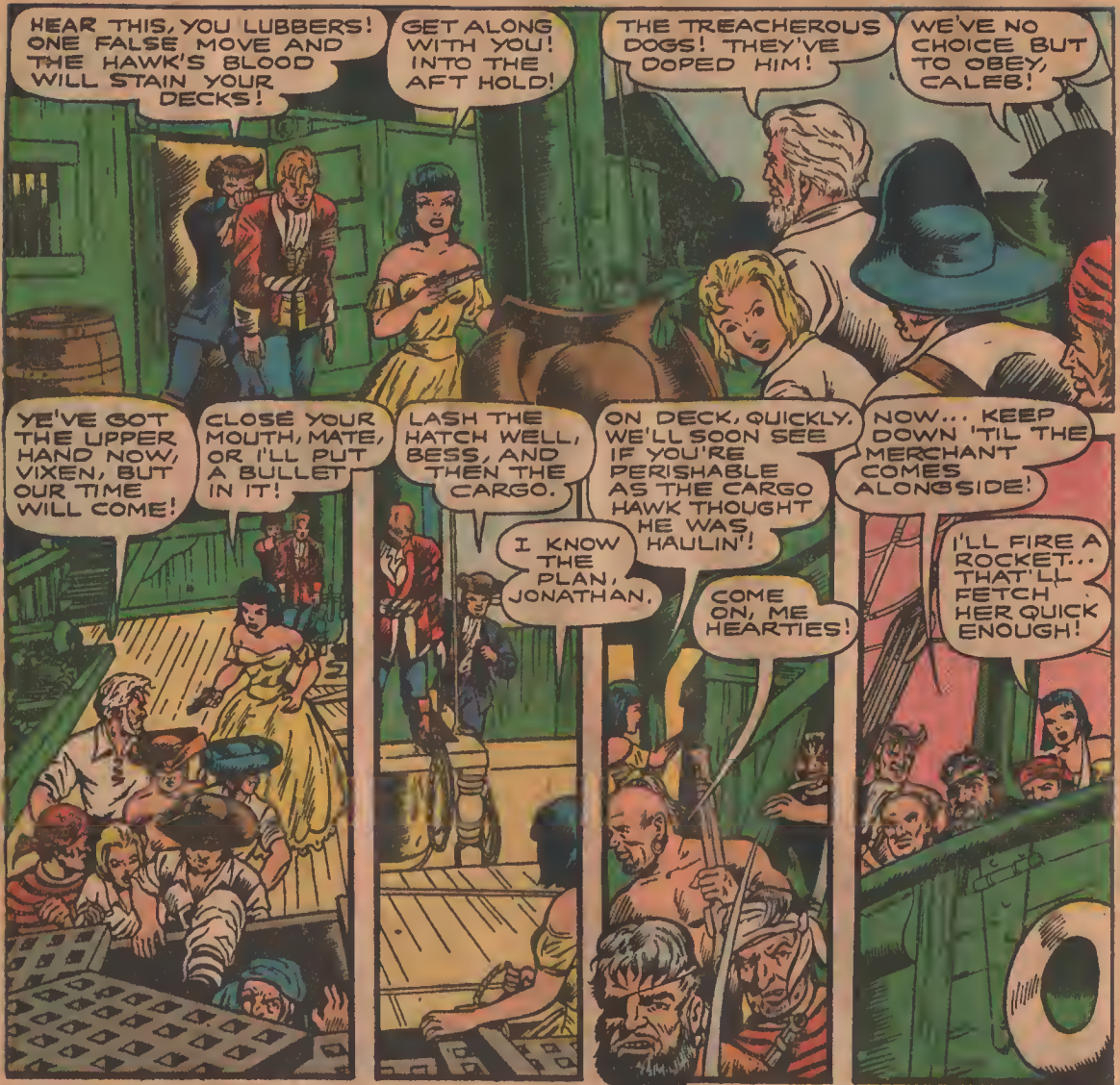
BESS, WILL YOU
EXPLAIN TO THE
STONEHEAD
THAT - OURS'LL
BE A VERY
SPECIAL CARGO,
THAT'LL SHIFT
ONLY WHEN WE
GIVE THE WORD..

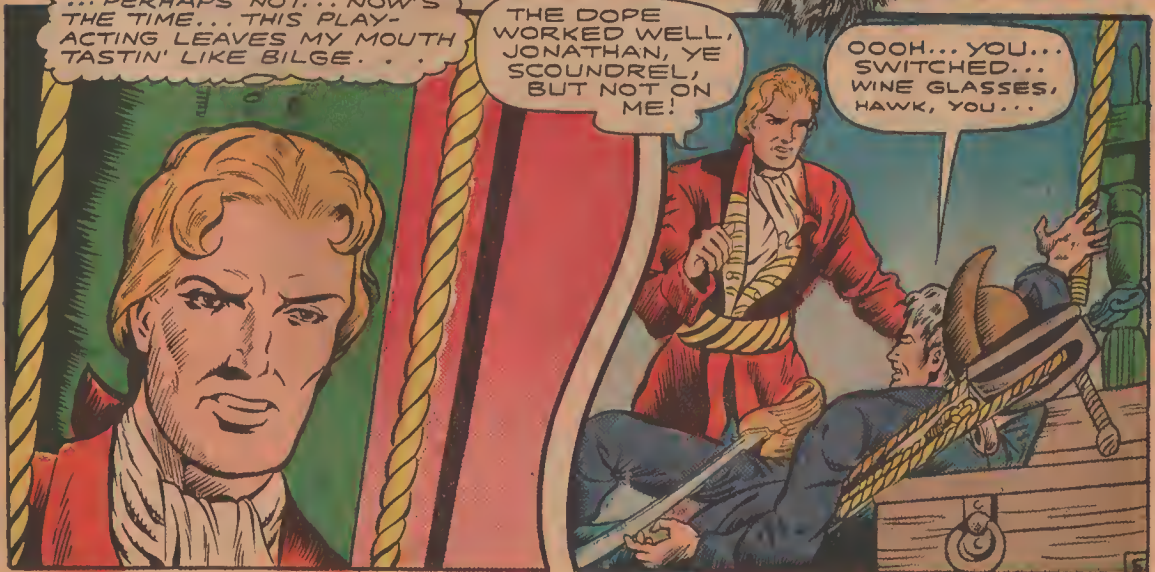
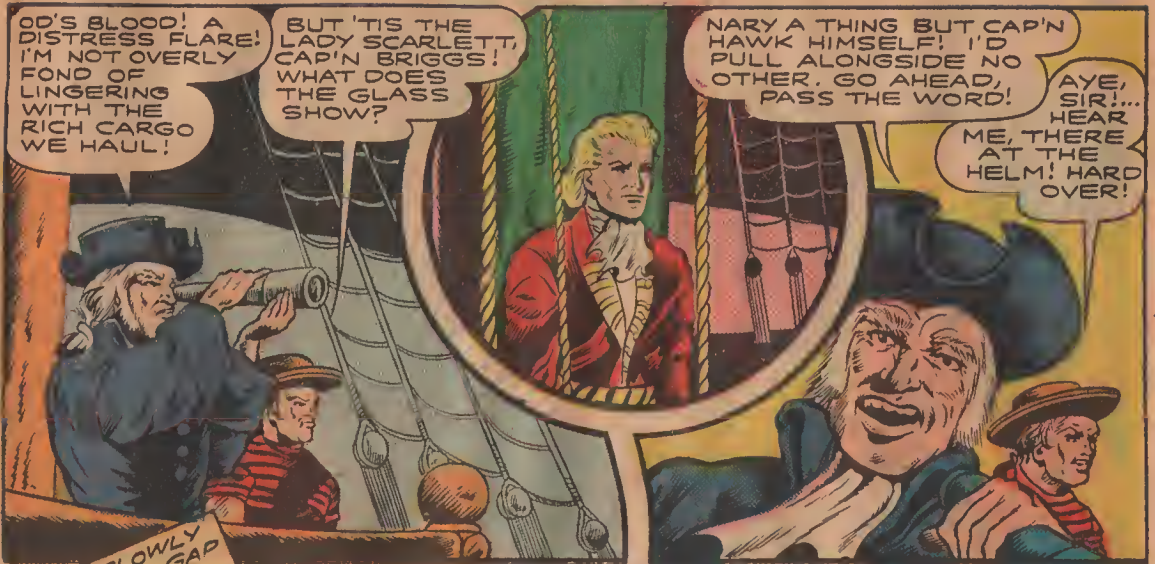




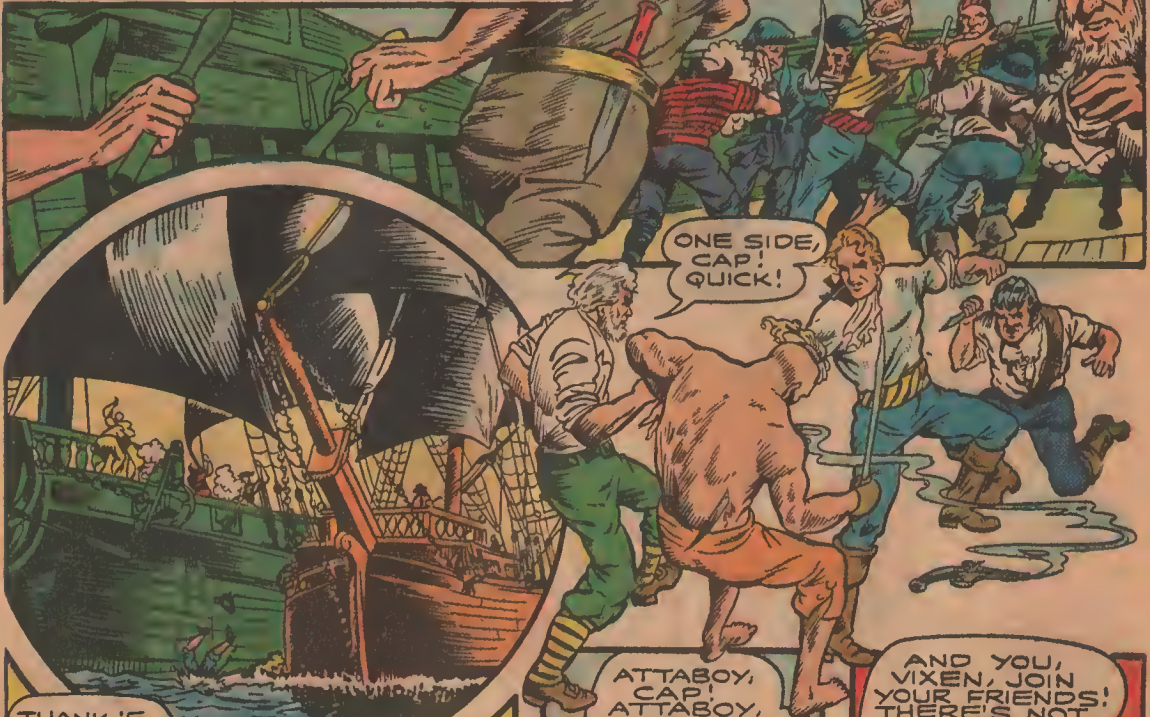
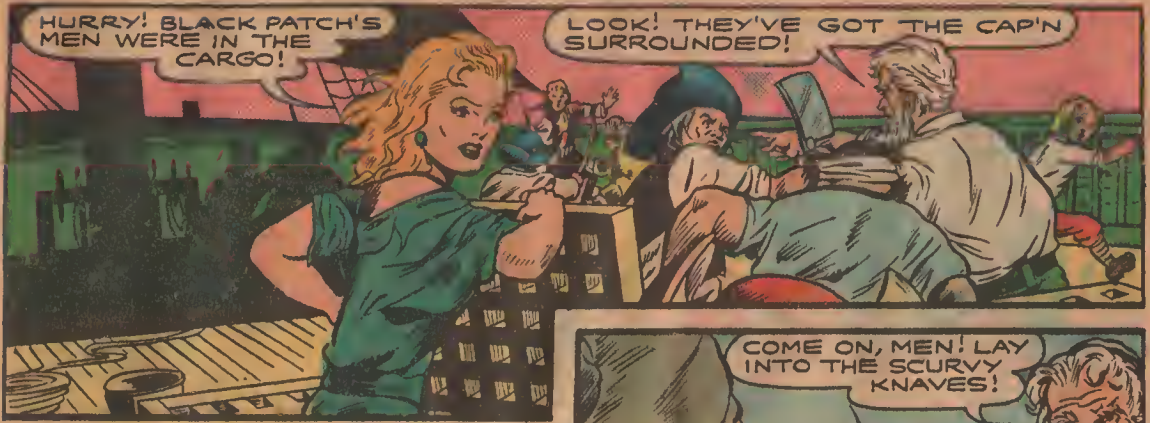


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HERE'S ANOTHER, CAP! HE GRABBED ME FROM BEHIND BUT I HIT 'IM LIKE A BOLT OF LIGHTNIN'!

JEREMY, YE'RE A TERROR, BUT I HAPPEN TO KNOW 'E DRANK ONE GLASS TOO MANY! VELVET, PUT THAT ONE BELOW WITH THE REST!

AYE...

THEN... CAP'N HAWK... THAT FLARE! HAVE YE TROUBLE ABOARD?

GREETINGS, CAP'N BRIGGS! THE FLARE WAS SET OFF BY ACCIDENT BUT A COUPLE O' PACKIN' CASES IN MY HOLD DID BREAK OPEN! HAVE YE A KEG OF NAILS TO FIX THEM I COULD BORROW?

AYE, LAD, THAT I HAVE!

DAYS PASS, AND THEN AT A REDCOAT FORTRESS IN ENGLAND...

ARE YOU MAD, CAPTAIN HAWK? NO SUCH CARGO WAS TO BE DELIVERED HERE!

YE MUST BE MIS-TAKEN, SIR! IF YER MEN'LL ONLY OPEN THE CASES...

OD'S BLOOD!... A HUMAN CARGO! AND I RECOGNIZE THAT ONE! HE'S LONG BEEN WANTED FOR PIRACY!

YE'LL WANT THEM ALL FOR MUTINY OR PIRACY, SIR! AND THERE'LL BE PLenty AMONG THE SCARLETT'S CREW TO TESTIFY AGAINST THEM!

DON'T YE SEE, VELVET, I SIGNED TO HAUL A CARGO... HUMAN OR NO! THERE WAS NOTHING I COULD DO 'TIL THEY TRIED THEIR SCURVY TRICK!

IT'S NO USE, CAP'N HAWK. SHE'LL NEVER FORGIVE YOU FOR NOT TELLIN' HER YE WERE ONTO THEIR GAME!

THE HAWK SAILS AGAIN IN NEXT MONTH'S **JUMBO** Comics!

Stuart **TAYLOR** in WEIRD STORIES of the SUPERNATURAL

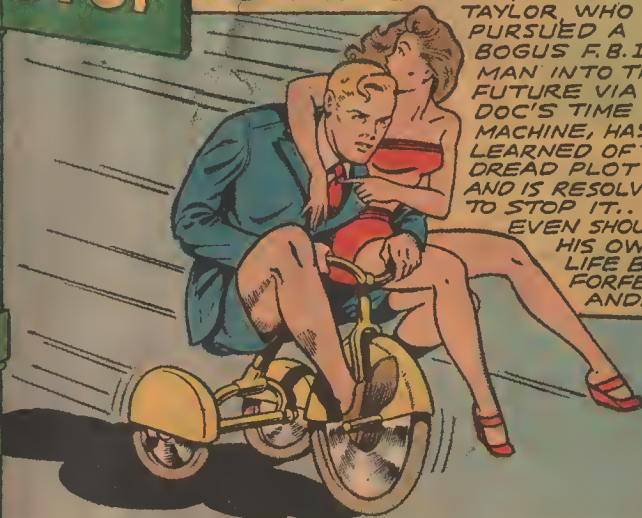
BY CURT DAVIS



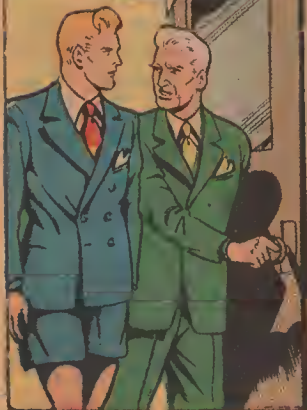
GO STOP

WAR! MARS GLEEFULLY PREPARES ANOTHER DANCE OF DEATH SCHEDULED FOR THE YEAR 1975. STU

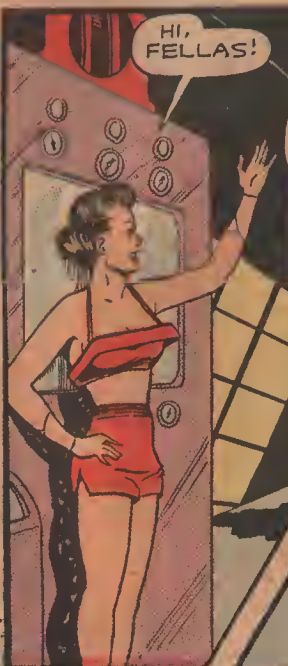
TAYLOR, WHO PURSUED A BOGUS F.B.I. MAN INTO THE FUTURE VIA DOC'S TIME MACHINE, HAS LEARNED OF THE DREAD PLOT AND IS RESOLVED TO STOP IT... EVEN SHOULD HIS OWN LIFE BE FORFEIT, AND...



STU, MY BOY, THIS IS A VERY SERIOUS MISSION. YOU MUST PREVENT THAT MAD-MAN FROM STARTING ANOTHER WAR IN 1975.



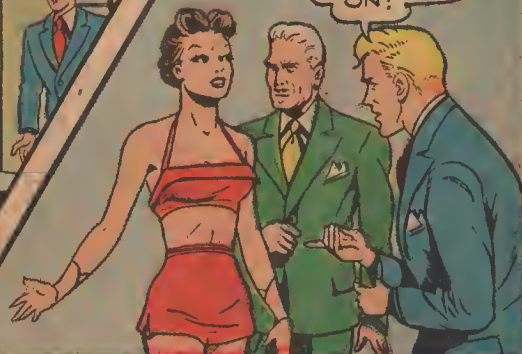
HI, FELLAS!

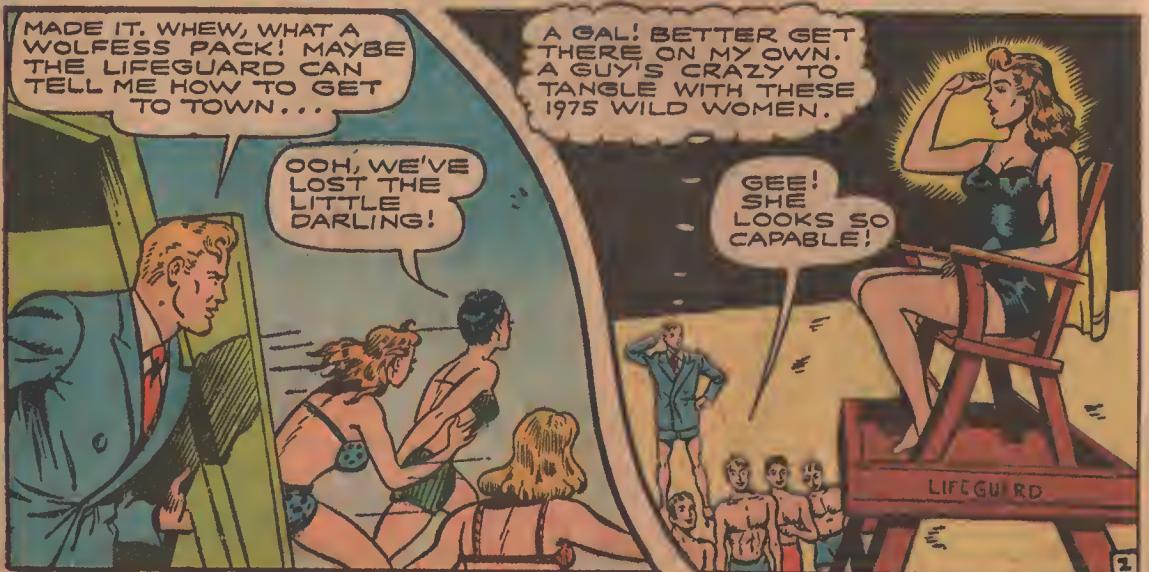
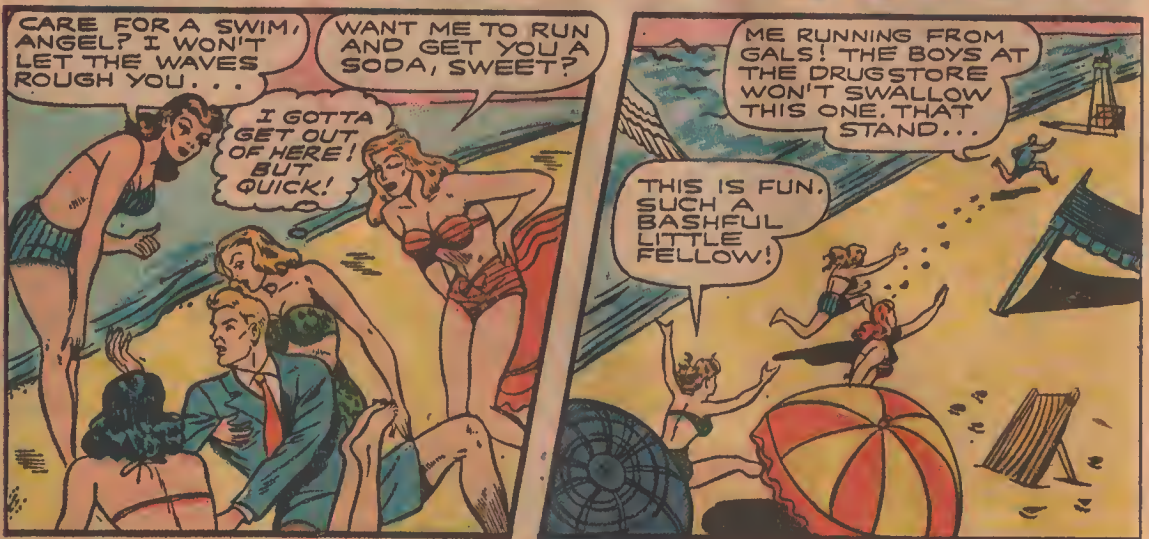
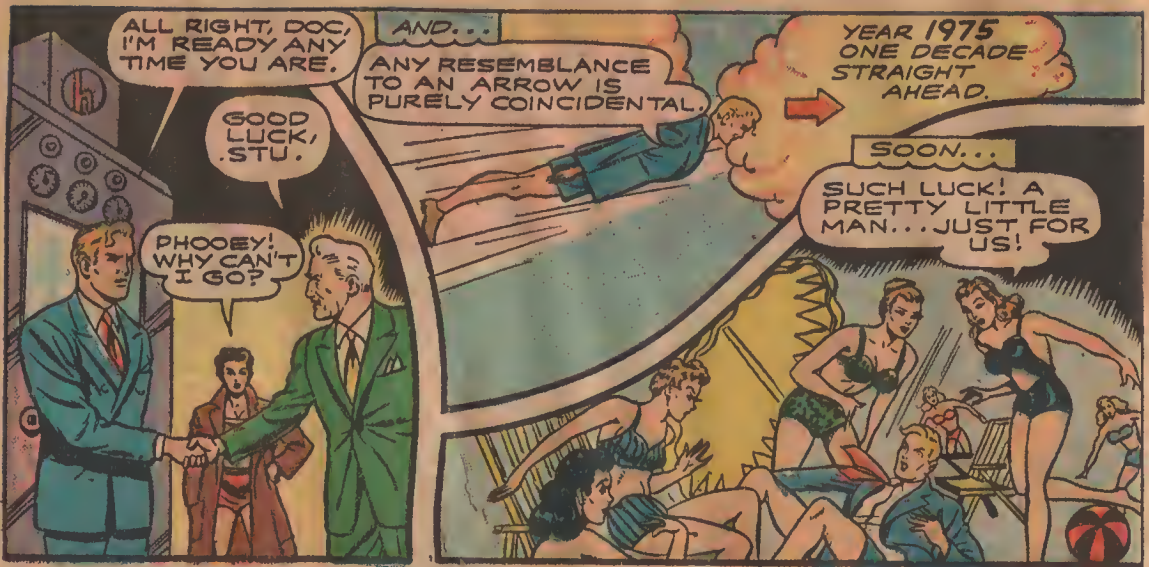


LAURA! JUST WHAT THE HECK IS THIS?

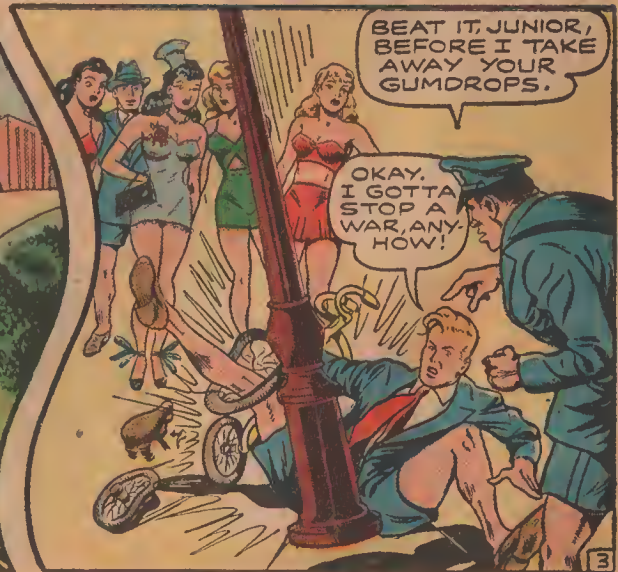
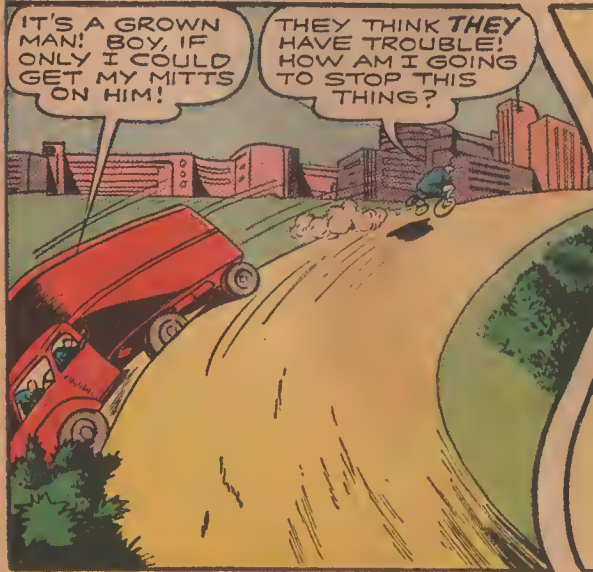
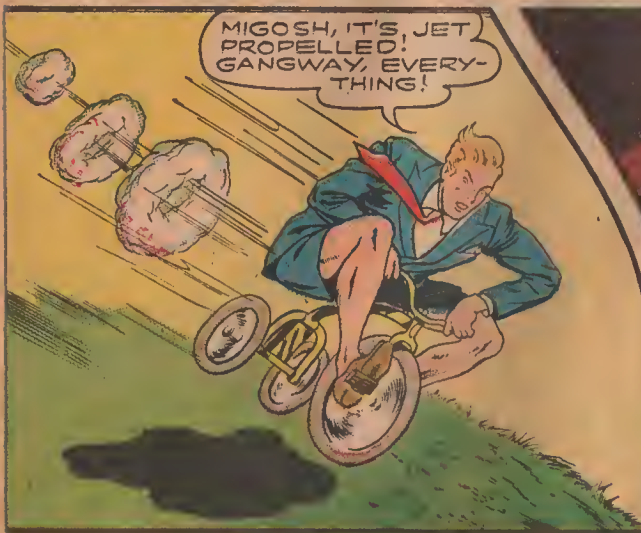
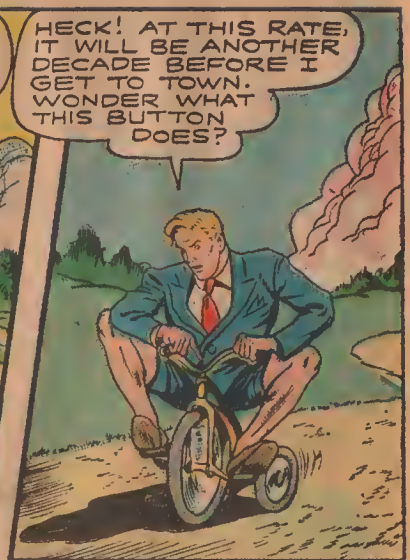
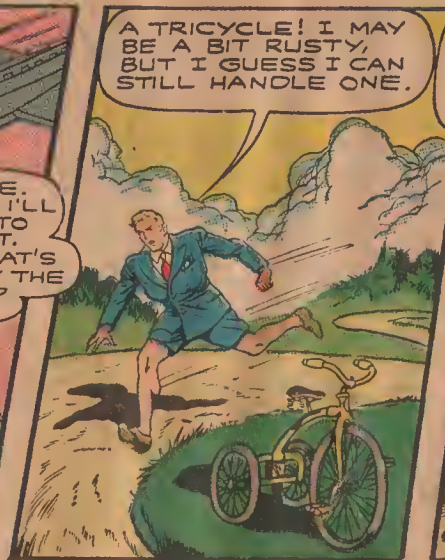
ISN'T THIS THE WAY YOU TOLD ME THE GIRLS DRESSED OR UNDERESSED IN 1975?

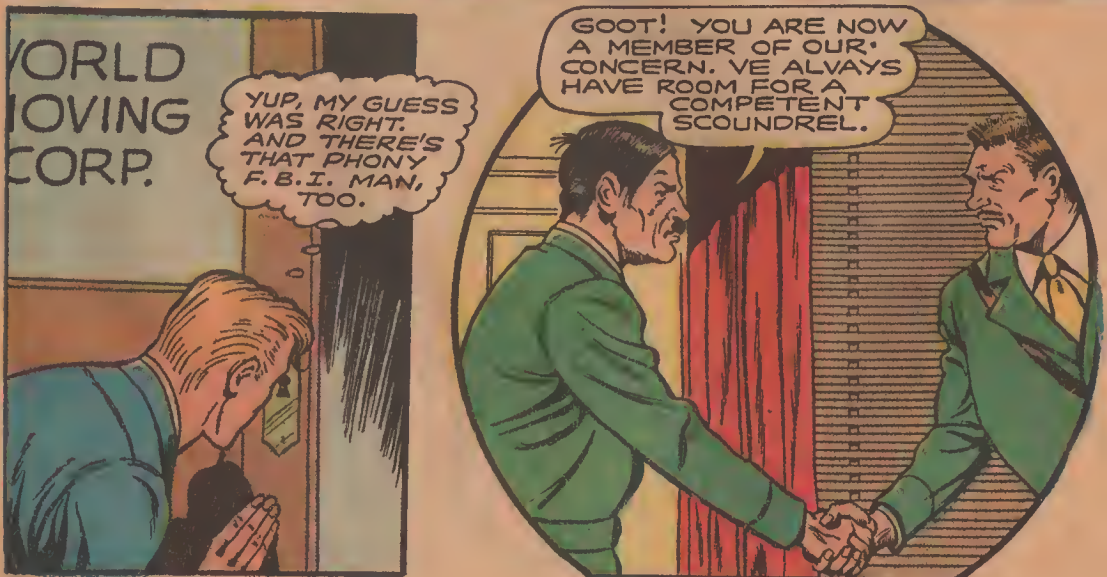
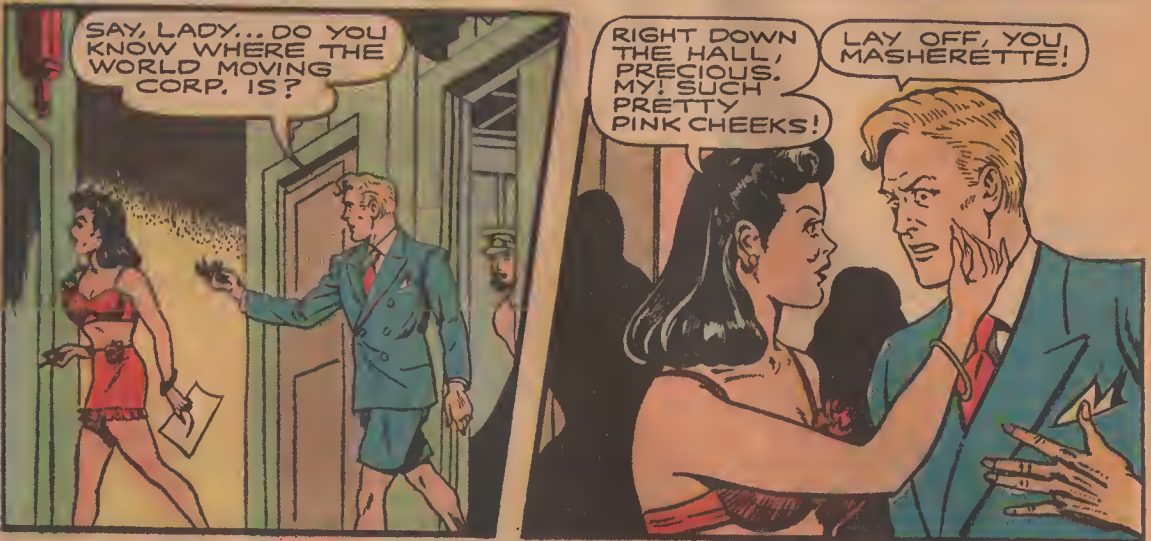
SURE IT IS. BUT THIS IS ONLY 1946 AND YOU'RE STAYING HERE. GET SOME CLOTHES ON!



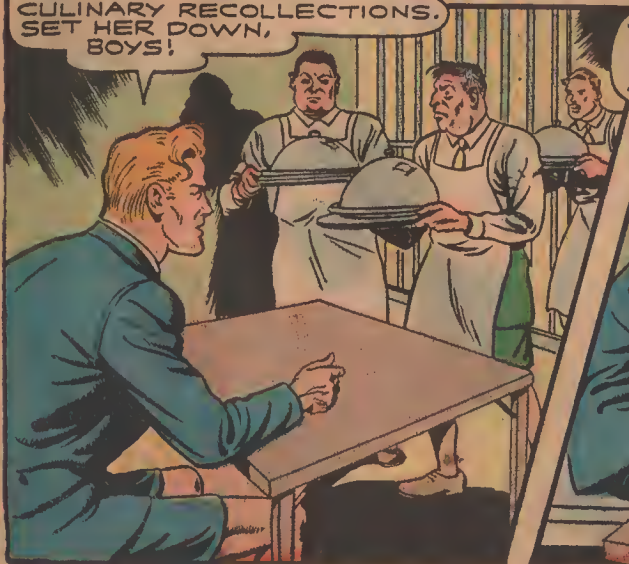
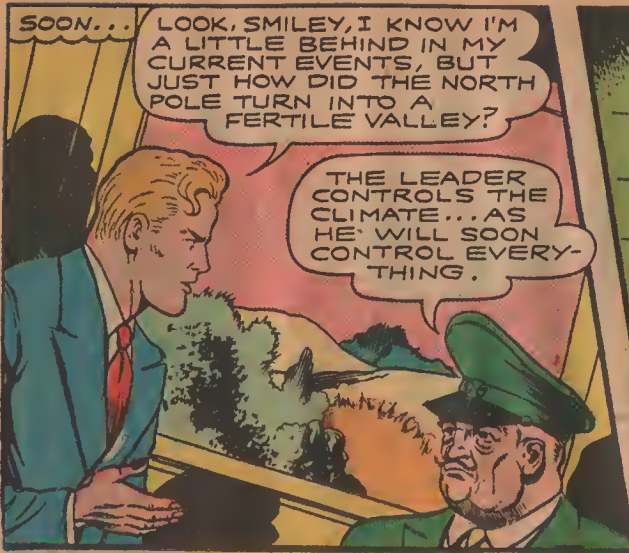


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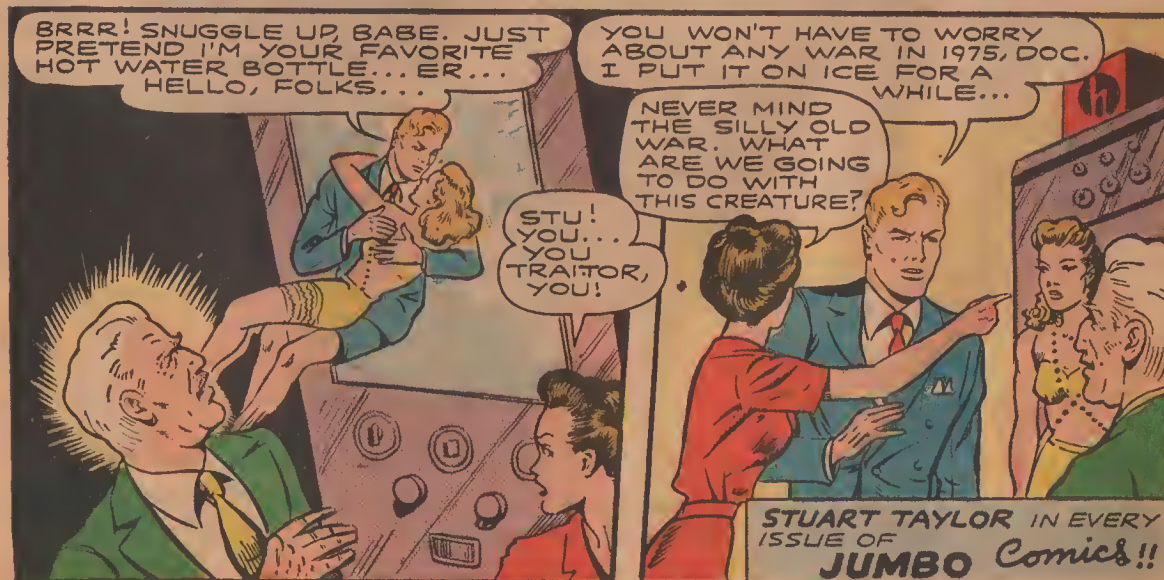
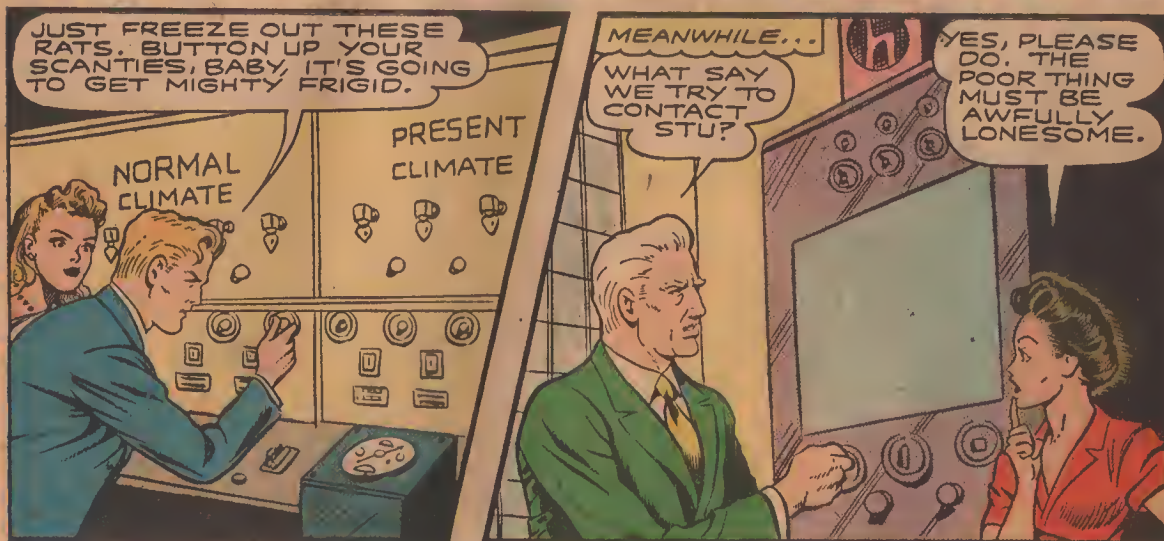
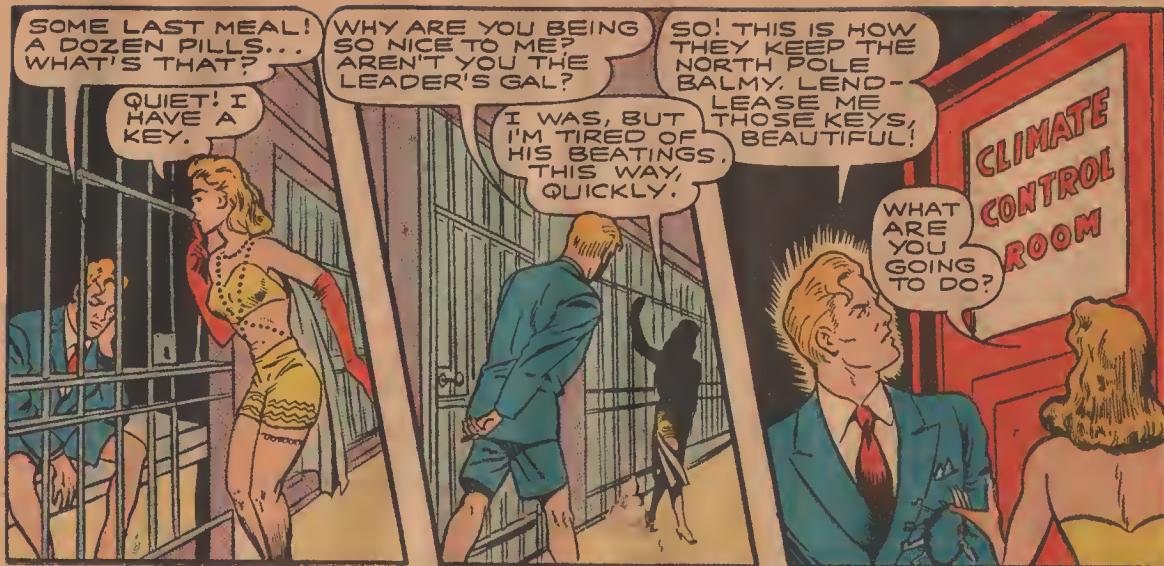








JUMBO COMICS



SHEENA AND THE WAILING STONES

By W. MORGAN THOMAS

ALL night long the drums had been talking.

Only Sheena seemed unperturbed. She smiled at Bob and said, "Do not fear, my mate. The drums speak of evil, truly enough, but not for you or the small one there. Only for Sheena do the drums betoken evil."

"But, Sheena, what do they mean? Why do the drums beat all night? And how can they mean evil for you, the Queen of the Jungle?"

She bent and patted Chim on his fuzzy head. "The drums tell of one who challenges Sheena's rule. They speak of a white man, a Captain Rungate, who calls all the tribes to rebel against me. He would be King — and he commands all my people to meet tomorrow at the Wailing Stones!"

Sheena was no longer smiling. "There are many who have tried," she said. "They have failed — and died. I shall go tomorrow to see this Captain Rungate. You and Chim may come along. You shall see how Sheena deals with such men."

Bob did not sleep well that night. Once he awoke, to hear the drums still thumping, and found cold sweat starting out on his forehead.

The sun was at the zenith the next day when the trio arrived at the place of the Wailing Stones. Sheena had told Bob something of the place, but even so, he was not prepared for what he saw.

Great stone pillars shafted skyward, looking as though they might hold up the inverted blue bowl. In the very center of this stone maze stood a circular stone house, built as solidly as the pillars.

Bob looked up to see a grotesque figure leering at him from one of the pillars. He grimaced and drew back in alarm, only to be comforted by Sheena's laugh. "Do not fear," she laughed. "It is only a carving. This place is very ancient. It was the gathering place of the old gods, before the white man came. Once, long ago when I was a little girl, I

came here with my old friend Mombaggi. He explained many things to Sheena. . . "

At that moment a huge white man stepped from behind one of the stone posts. He held a revolver in his hand and pointed it at Sheena. From all sides the three were surrounded by natives of a tribe Bob had never seen before.

"I am Captain Rungate," said the white man. Bob was amazed to see that he had a red beard, even as in the dream. For a moment fear clutched at him — was this the man who was to defeat Sheena?

The red beard quivered as the man laughed, showing stained teeth. His little eyes, however, did not laugh and the hand which held the revolver was steady. "I thought you would fall into the trap. My drummers worked all night, that you might be sure to hear. And now, Sheena, you and I must have a talk."

Closely guarded, Sheena, with Bob carrying little Chim on his shoulder, were taken to the stone house. It bulked as solidly as a fortress and when a huge door swung behind them, cutting off the sunlight and fresh air, Bob again felt the stirring of uneasiness. The place was dank and fetid. It smelled of — of death!

"Sheena, there is much wealth in the jungle. Gold to be dug, ivory to be taken from dead elephants, certain tribes to be sold as slaves. I propose to do all this — and I propose that you shall help me!"

Sheena listened. Bob saw her facial muscles tense as they always did when she became angry. But she said nothing.

Disquiet crept into the piggish eyes of Captain Rungate. He flourished the pistol. "You will call your tribes together, here, and you will tell them that from now on I am master. They must obey me. Do that and you three shall go free. You will do it?"

"Never!" Sheena's eyes burned. "Never will I turn my people over to be robbed and sold by such as you! Sheena would die first!"

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The red bearded man laughed cruelly. "Very well. You will all die. But I will give you time to think it over — before I turn you over to the rats."

Rats! Bob was still thinking of that when they were pushed into a tiny stone cell and the immense door closed behind them. Immediately he set to looking about the cell, and found in one corner, close to the floor, a tiny wooden gate. It was closed, but from the other side came curious rustling sounds.

Sheena nodded. "Yes, Bob. Hundreds — thousands of rats. For centuries they have lived in this place, where they once fed on sacrifices offered by priests!"

Bob shuddered and clutched little Chim closer. "But Sheena — how will we escape?"

She patted him lightly on the shoulder. "Sheena can count," she said. "And I count the days well, without mistake. Do you know what comes tomorrow?"

For a moment he stared blankly, then enlightenment came. "The monsoon — the great summer wind that comes every year at this time! But how will that save us?"

"Did not Sheena say that many years ago she was in this place? Come — look in this far corner, away from the rat hole. Do you not see a small hollowed out place?"

It was so. A hole, large as Bob's fist, was worked into the stone wall. It stared at him like a dark, unseeing eye. But just then there were sounds outside the door and a moment later the red bearded man entered.

"You have until tomorrow," he declared. "Then, if you do not obey and promise to turn your jungle over to me, well . . ." He paused and listened, an evil smile on his lips. Behind the wall could be heard the slithering and squeaking of the rats, never ceasing.

Morning came slowly, sneaking in through the single small window high in one wall. A sunbeam awoke Bob. He looked up to see Sheena's worried face. Never before had he seen her so disturbed.

"The sun is shining!" Her voice was grave. "Yet surely this is the day for the great storm to begin. But if it is not the day, if Sheena is mistaken, then . . ."

"Chi—chi—" It was Chim, clinging for comfort to Bob's hand. Together they waited for what the next few minutes might bring. All about them were sounds of men awakening, preparing a meal, shouting to one another. Soon there came a loud clanging in the corridor outside.

"They— they're getting ready," whispered Bob. "Looks like goodbye, Sheena."

But Sheena was listening, crouched beneath the window. She held up a hand for silence. Then she straightened and laughed. "It is goodbye, my mate, but not for us. Listen to the wind. It has come!"

Then Bob heard it too. A gradual, rising note wailing like a lost soul. The wind rose steadily until, outside, it was blowing a gale, keening shrilly among the stone pillars. Sheena went to the little hole in the wall and put her mouth close to the opening. She began to speak in a queer, high pitched voice. . .

Bob listened, dumfounded. From outside, through the window, he could hear Sheena's words. But now it was as though the wind itself spoke, spoke in hissing, howling words.

"Beware!" The wind howled the words. "Beware the white man who has red hair. He is evil — he will betray you — slay this man. Slay him at once. It is the old gods of this place who speak once again. Slay the white man — or we return for your souls."

Sheena stopped talking into the hole. "The old priests used it so," she explained. "A cunning arrangement, but only of use when a high wind blows. Now we shall see. . ."

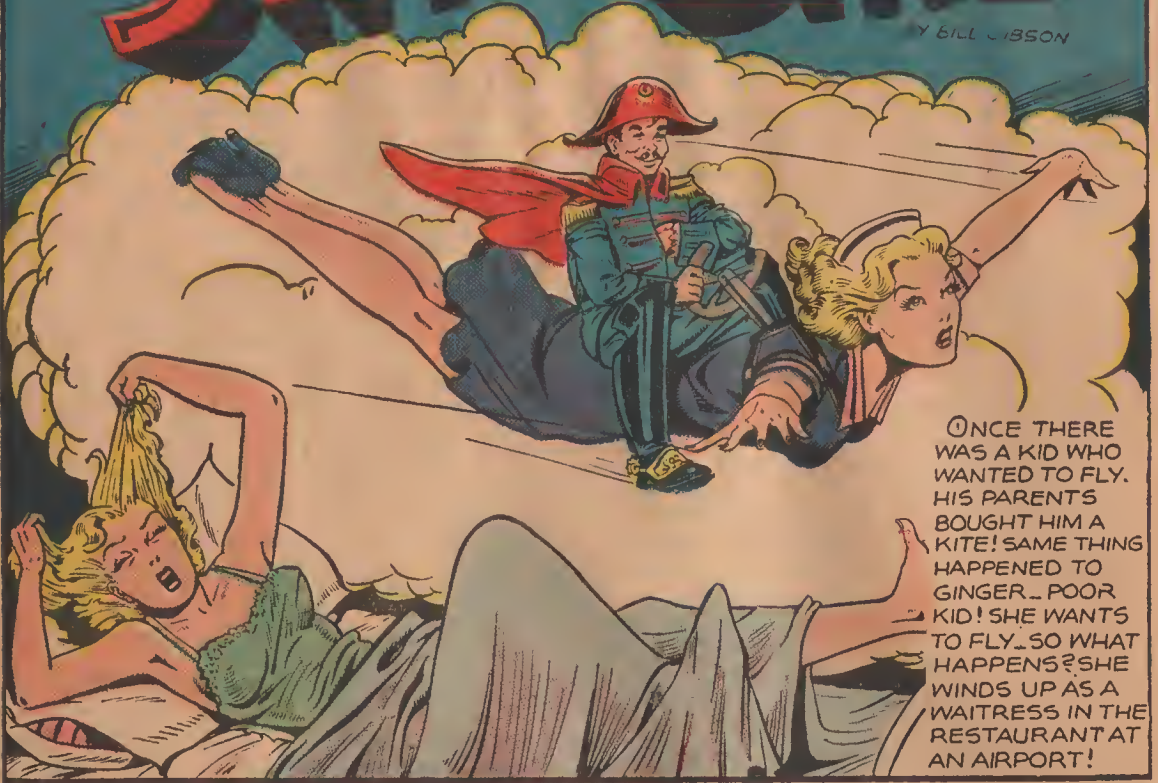
They had not long to wait. Screams sounded outside. Footsteps came pattering toward the door. Rungate, his face twisted in terror, flung himself into the cell. But before he could close the door, Sheena and Bob, with little Chim safely clinging to Bob's hand, made their escape. The door slammed behind them, in the face of half a dozen gibbering natives who were pursuing the man.

"The rats," gasped Bob. "They've let the rats in. . ."

"Yes." Sheena motioned toward home. "Let us go back to our peaceful spot. There will be no drums to disturb our slumber tonight."

SKY GIRL

BY BILL GIBSON



ONCE THERE WAS A KID WHO WANTED TO FLY. HIS PARENTS BOUGHT HIM A KITE! SAME THING HAPPENED TO GINGER... POOR KID! SHE WANTS TO FLY... SO WHAT HAPPENS? SHE WINDS UP AS A WAITRESS IN THE RESTAURANT AT AN AIRPORT!



HEY, GINGER, Y'KNOW IMMELMAN Q. PROPWASH IS DUE IN HERE TODAY...

WHO'S HE, JERRY... A FRIEND OF YOURS?

ARE YOU KIDDIN' ME, MAGUIRE? HE'S JUST ABOUT THE GREATEST THING IN AVIATION SINCE THE WRIGHT BROTHERS!



OH, GOLLY! WHAT DOES HE LOOK LIKE... IS HE HANDSOME?

DON'T KNOW. I NEVER EVEN SAW A PICTURE OF 'IM.

WELL, I GOTTA GO NOW, PAL. THIS FELLOW OVER HERE SEEMS TO BE GETTIN' IMPATIENT...

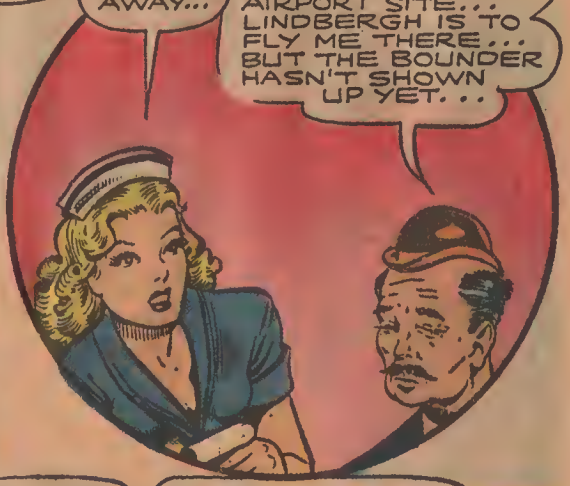
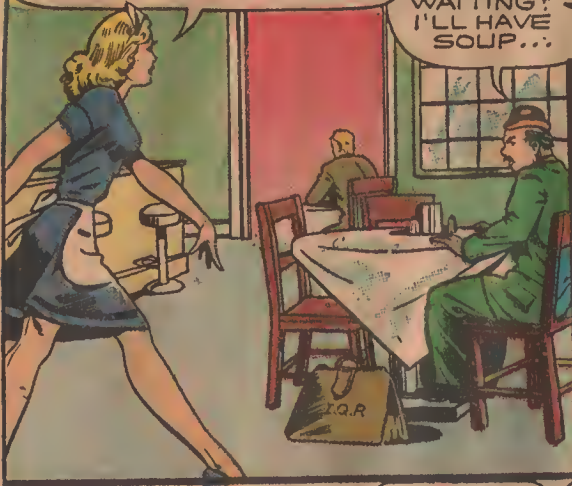


YES SIR... SAY THOSE INITIALS! ARE YOU IMMELMAN Q. PROPWASH?

THAT I AM, BUT MUST I ALWAYS BE KEPT WAITING? I'LL HAVE SOUP...

YES SIR, SOUP... RIGHT AWAY...

AH, THESE DUTIES FAME BRINGS... I AM TO INSPECT AN AIRPORT SITE... LINDBERGH IS TO FLY ME THERE... BUT THE BOUNDER HASN'T SHOWN UP YET...



GINGER IS UNUSED TO SUCH FAMOUS CUSTOMERS, AND...

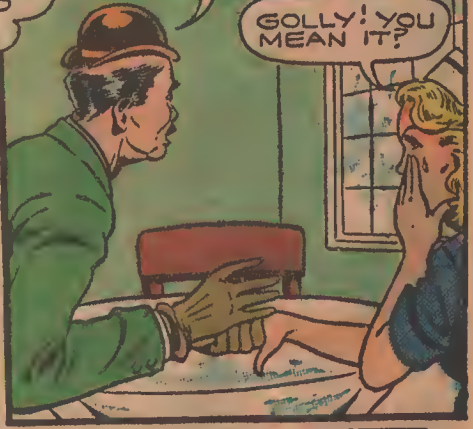
OOOPS!

OMYGOLLY! NOW I'VE DONE IT! WHY DO I HAVE TO BE SO CLUMSY?..

DON'T BE UPSET, MISS. YOU SEE, I LIKE TO HAVE SOUP SPILLED ON ME!

COME, I'LL WAIT NO LONGER! I'LL PILOT MYSELF, AND GIVE YOU A LESSON ON THE WAY...

GOLLY! YOU MEAN IT?



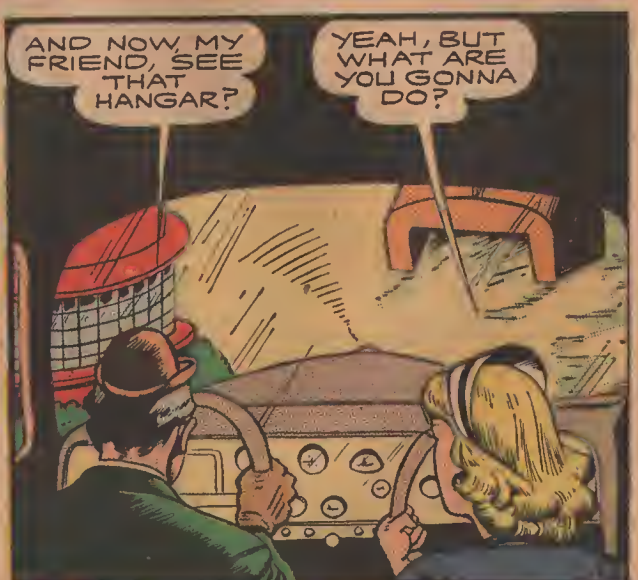
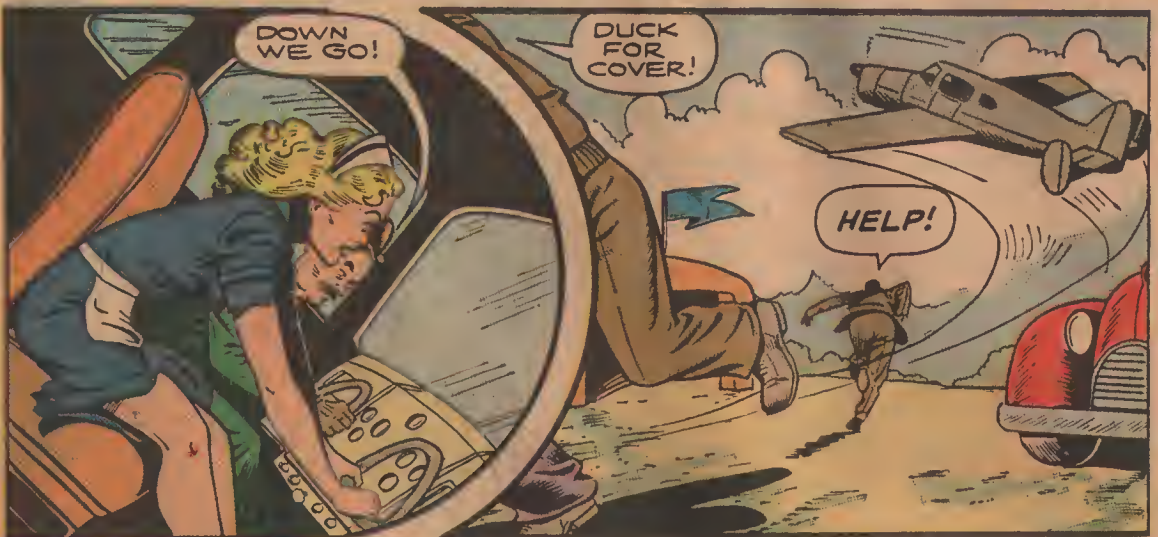
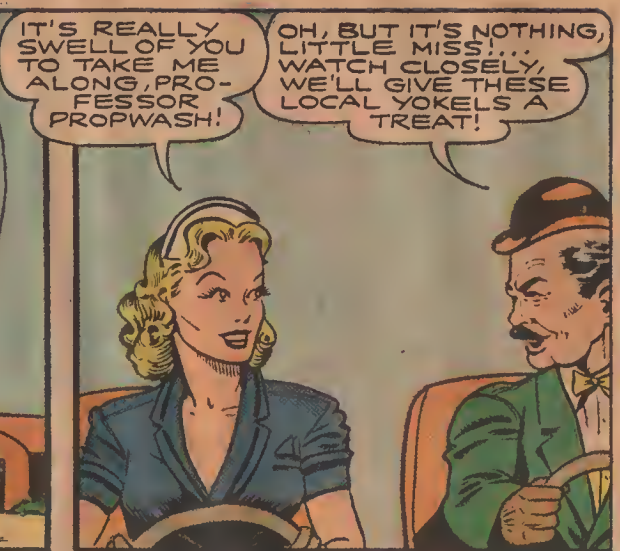
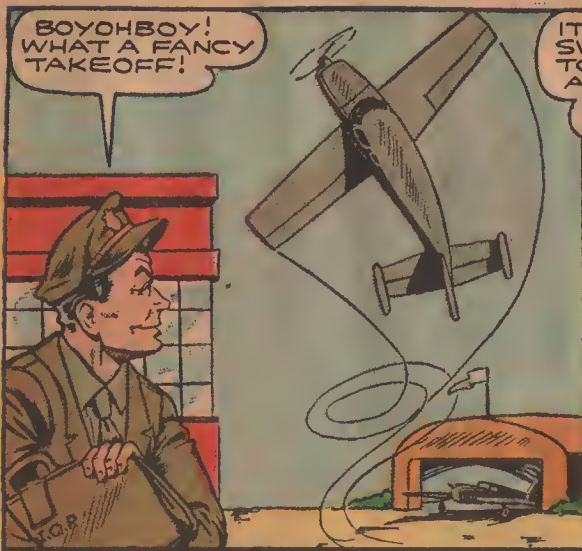
HERE, JERRY, MIND THIS BAG! I'M GONNA HAVE A FLYING LESSON!

COME ALONG, THE PLANE IS WAITING!

GEE WHILLIKERS! I.Q. P. - IMMELMAN Q. PROPWASH! I'D LIKE TO HAVE HIM GIVE ME A LESSON!



JUMBO COMICS





THEN...

WHEWIE!
(GULP!)



SAY, THIS ISN'T MY BAG!
THERE, YOU'VE GOT IT!

OH, NO
YOU
DON'T!

THIS BAG BELONGS TO
IMMELMAN Q. PROPWASH!



YOU'LL GET
THIS OVER
MY DEAD
BODY!

VERY WELL, IF
NECESSARY.



THAT'S RIGHT, AND
I AM IMMELMEN
Q. PROPWASH!



YOU! THEN
WHERE'D
THAT OTHER
GUY GET
YOUR BAG?

THEY GOT
MIXED UP
BY MISTAKE,
I PRESUME!
OPEN HIS AND
FIND OUT
WHO HE IS!



GEE!
WHAT'S
THIS?

A STUFFED
OWL!

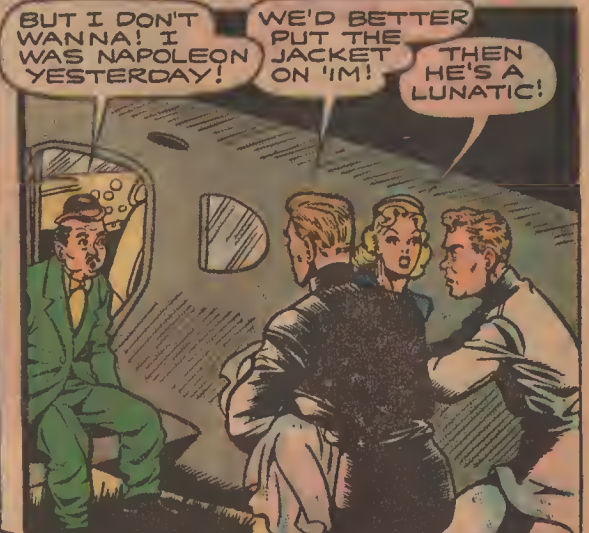


OH!.. A STUFFED OWL,
A HALLOWEEN MASK,
AND A WEATHER
FORECAST THAT'S
TEN YEARS OLD...
POOR GINGER!

JUMBO COMICS



JUMBO COMICS



ZX-5

GUNFIRE SHATTERED THE NIGHT'S STILLNESS! THE CITY'S FINEST CLOSED IN ON A MURDERER. "SHOOT TO KILL," WAS THEIR ORDER. AND THE MAN THEY SOUGHT WAS ZX-5!

Y MAJOR THORPE



IN THE OFFICE OF THE FAMOUS PRIVATE DETECTIVE...

...AND YOU WANT ME TO LOCATE YOUR BROTHER... YOU HAVE A PICTURE OF HIM... VERY WELL... IN FRONT OF THE FIRST NATIONAL... I'LL BE THERE IN A FEW MINUTES...

THEN, IN THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK...

HE FELL FOR IT... HOOK, LINE AND SINKER...

COME ALONG, AL, AND BRING YOUR BLACKJACK! WE GOT A DATE WITH ZX-5, RIGHT NOW!

YES, A DULL ONE, I'M AFRAID... I'M TO TRY TO REUNITE TWO BROTHERS...

GOT A CASE, BOSS?

HOW'S IT GOIN', TRIGGER?

WON'T TAKE LONG NOW.



JUMBO COMICS

I'M KNOWN AS ZX-5. ARE YOU THE ONE WHO CALLED ME?

YEH, HERE'S MY BROTHER'S PICTURE! HE'S BEEN MISSING A LONG TIME, AND I'M WORRIED...



BUT THAT'S KILLER MCCOY! HE'S IN SING SING!

YEH, WHERE YOU PUT 'IM, GUMSHOE! ALL RIGHT, AL, QUICK!



LOOK OUT FOR HIS CANE, BOSS! I HEAR IT'S A DART GUN!

OOOH!

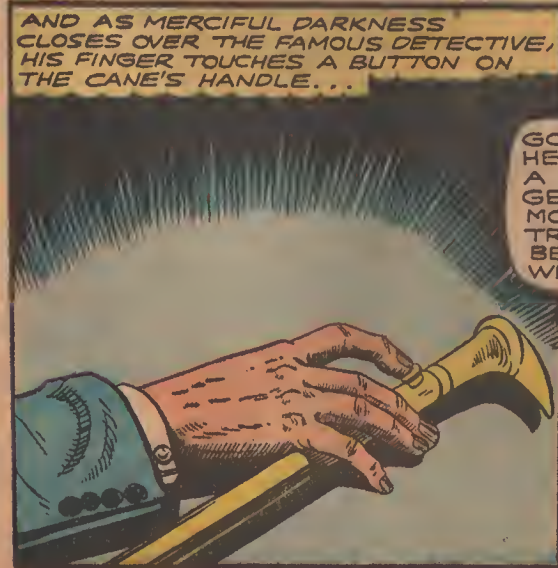


I KNOW! I'LL KEEP IT TO REMEMBER 'IM BY!



AND AS MERCIFUL DARKNESS CLOSES OVER THE FAMOUS DETECTIVE, HIS FINGER TOUCHES A BUTTON ON THE CANE'S HANDLE...

GOOD JOB, AL... HE'S COLDER'N A HERRING! LET'S GET 'IM INSIDE. MOLLY AND TRIGGER SHOULD BE FINISHED WITH THE SAFE BY NOW...





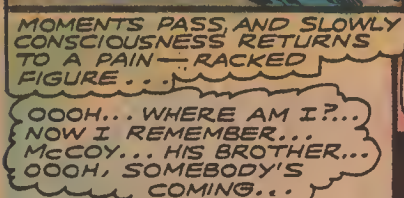
THIS'LL PUT HIS FINGER-PRINTS ON THE HEATER WE CROAKED THE WATCHMAN WITH...



AND NOW WE BETTER GET GOIN', CHIEF. I'LL TRIP THE BURGLAR ALARM AS WE LEAVE!



RIGHTO, MOLLY...GOOD JOB! SO LONG, GUM-SHOE, MY BEST TO THE BOYS IN STIR!



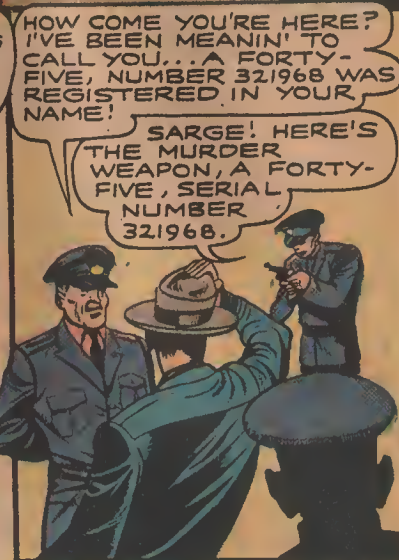
MOMENTS PASS, AND SLOWLY CONSCIOUSNESS RETURNS TO A PAIN—RACKED FIGURE...

OOOH... WHERE AM I?... NOW I REMEMBER... MCCOY... HIS BROTHER... OOOH, SOMEBODY'S COMING...



LOOK, THEY KILLED THE WATCHMAN!

AND LEFT ONE OF THEIR GANG BEHIND! MUST HAVE BEEN A FALLING OUT! HEY!... IT'S ZX-5!



HOW COME YOU'RE HERE? I'VE BEEN MEANIN' TO CALL YOU... A FORTY-FIVE, NUMBER 321968 WAS REGISTERED IN YOUR NAME!

SARGE! HERE'S THE MURDER WEAPON, A FORTY-FIVE, SERIAL NUMBER 321968.



WHAT! THEN IT LOOKS BAD FOR YOU, ZX! TAKE HIM, BOYS!

IT'LL BE A PLEASURE!



SORRY I CAN'T STAY FOR YOUR PARTY, SERGEANT!



THAT WAS EASIER THAN I EXPECTED, BUT THERE'LL BE A DRAGNET OUT! THIS CALLS FOR A DISGUISE!



HOURS PASS AS THE CITY IS COMBED FOR THE GREAT DETECTIVE WHO TURNED KILLER. THEN, AT HIS OFFICE...

NO USE CLEANIN' UP THAT OFFICE, JANITOR. THE TENANT WON'T BE BACK!

THEN AH'LL HAVE TO CLEAN IT UP FOR A NEW TENANT...



AND INSIDE, A PARTITION SLIDES BACK, REVEALING A SPECIALLY DESIGNED RADAR COMPASS RECEIVER...

I GUESS THAT'S RIGHT. GO AHEAD, I DON'T SEE ANY HARM...

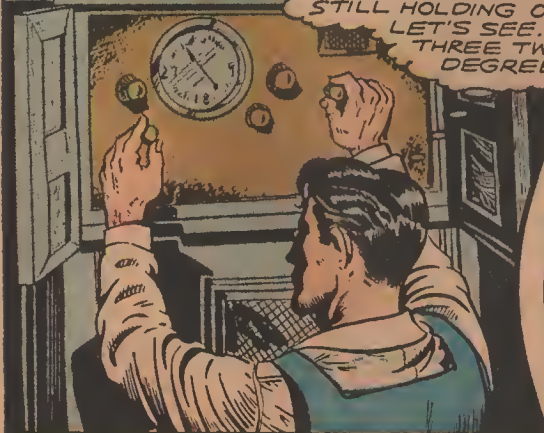
THANK YE, OFFICER! AH'LL ONLY BE HERE A FEW MINUTES...



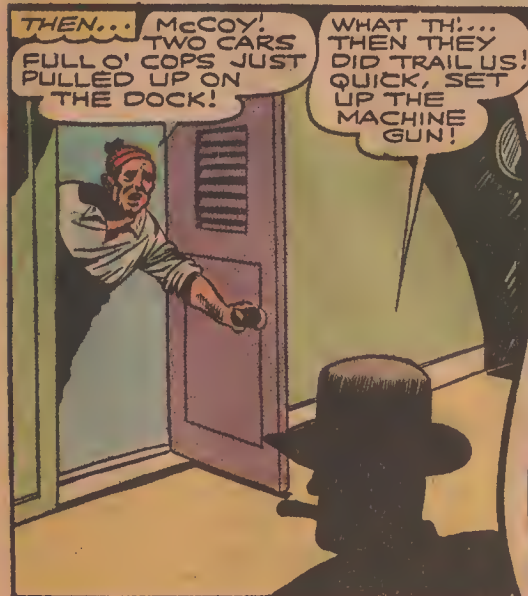
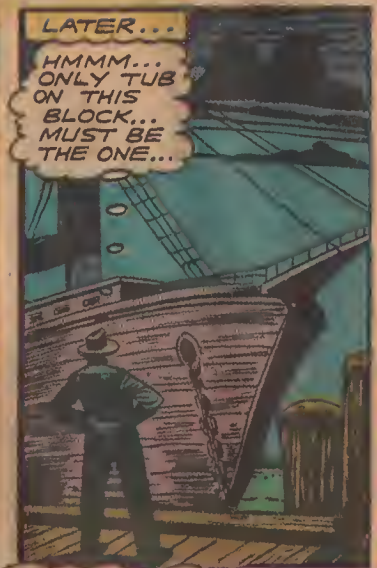
THAT BRINGS IT DOWN TO ONE BLOCK OF WATERFRONT...

THOUGHT THERE WAS SOMETHING FISHY ABOUT THAT JANITOR! GET 'EM UP, ZX!

SO FAR, SO GOOD... THE CANE'S BATTERIES STILL HOLDING OUT... LET'S SEE... THREE TWENTY DEGREES...



JUMBO COMICS



JUMBO COMICS

SERVICE REVOLVERS SHATTER THE NIGHT'S STILLNESS. THEN COMES THE DULL RUMBLE OF MACHINE GUN FIRE...



IT'D BE SUICIDE TO CHARGE THOSE RATS!



AND TO THINK ZX IS IN WITH THEM!

AT THAT MOMENT, HIGH ABOVE THE BATTLE...

ONE SECOND... ALL THE POLICE NEED.. PERHAPS WITH MY CANE SWORD...



LOOK!

IT'S ZX!



THE COPS! THEY'RE COMING ABOARD!

ZZ... OO..

AND LATER...

WE GOT 'EM ALL, ZX, AND I GUESS ONE CAN BE IDENTIFIED AS THE RAT WHO REGISTERED THE GUN IN YOUR NAME. WE TRAILED YOU HERE, BUT HOW DID YOU...

MY CANE HAS A SPECIAL RADAR TRANSMITTER. WHEN THE THUG TAGGED ME, I HEARD ONE SAY THEY'D TAKE IT ALONG, SO I TURNED ON THE SET AND... WELL, I GUESS YOU KNOW THE REST...

WERE YOU ABLE TO LOCATE THE MISSING BROTHER, BOSS?

THAT CASE IS CLOSED! THOSE TWO BROTHERS WILL BE TOGETHER FOR A LONG TIME.. IN SING SING!



ANOTHER ADVENTURE... ZX-5 WILL APPEAR IN NEXT MONTH'S **JUMBO Comics!**

THE GHOST GALLERY

BY DREW MURDOCH



THE SPECTACLES WERE BLACK WITH AGE, THEIR LENSES FOGGED AND DIM — SO WHY WAS THEIR MYSTERIOUS OWNER SO EAGER TO RECOVER THEM? "MOST PRECIOUS TO ME, MR. MURDOCH," SAID HIS HARSH TELEPHONE VOICE. "I WILL BE AT YOUR OFFICE WITHIN THE HOUR," AND THUS BEGAN THE AMAZING CASE OF THE "EYES OF AZRAEL!"

YOU'RE ALL SET, HORGAN? DICTAPHONE RIGGED AND GUN-VENTS READY?

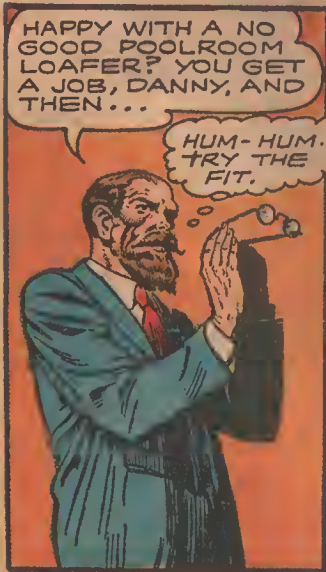
YEP, MR. MURDOCH, AND ZABALSKI HERE IS THE BEST SHOT IN THE POLICE DEPARTMENT!

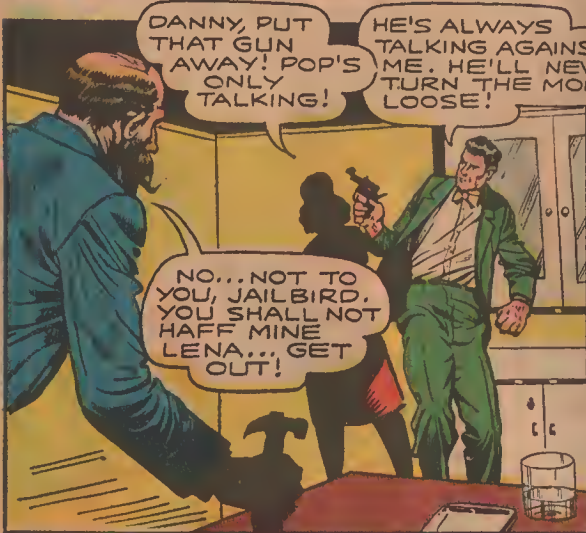
AH...THERE'S YOUR BUZZER NOW. GO 'IN AND ANSWER IT. WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THE REST.

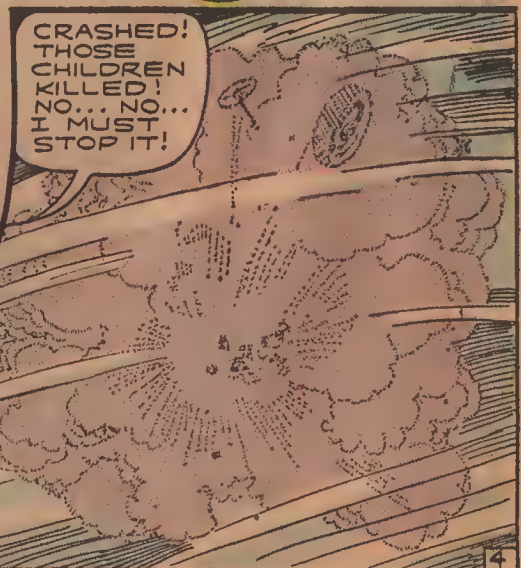
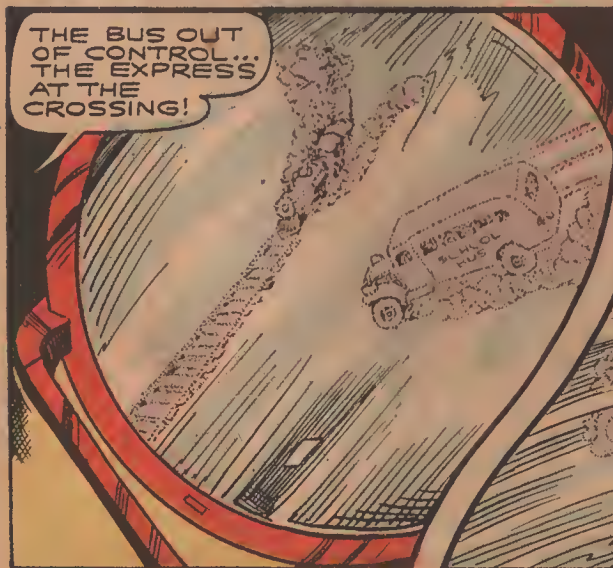
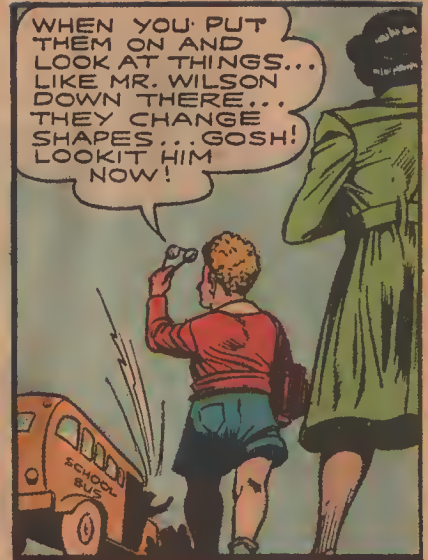
I AM AZRAEL, MR. MURDOCH... I HAVE COME FOR MY GLASSES...

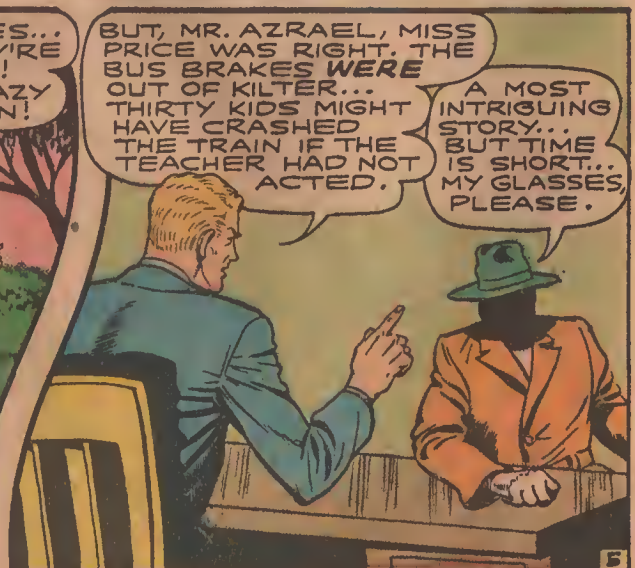
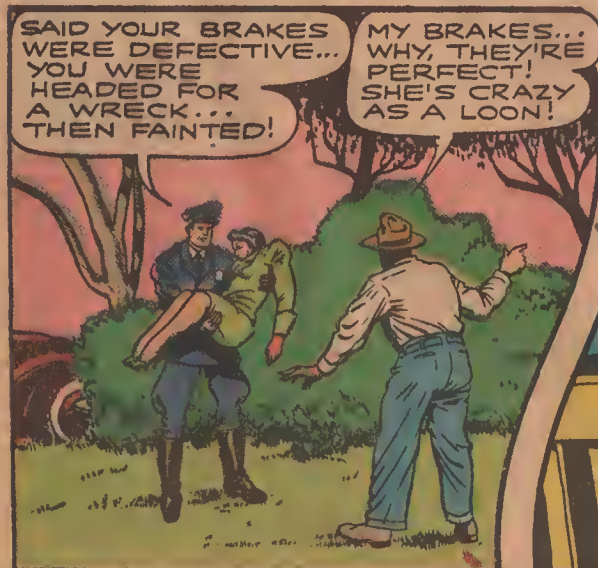
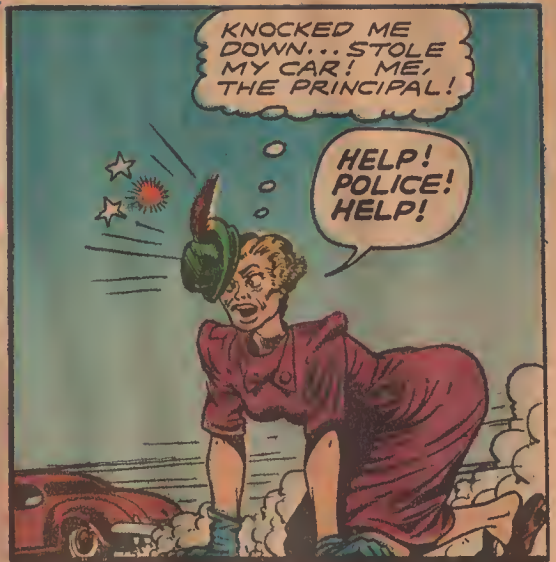
AH, YES... BUT BEFORE I HAND THEM OVER, I SHOULD LIKE TO CHECK THESE REPORTS WITH YOU...

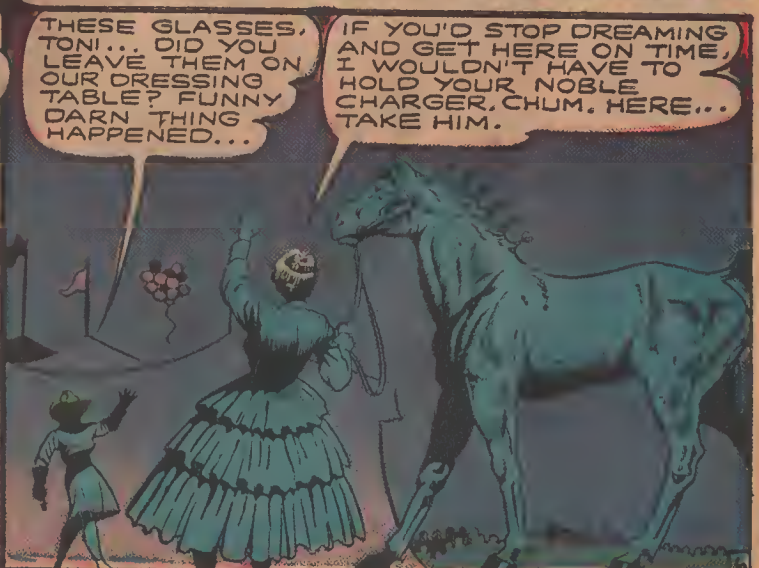
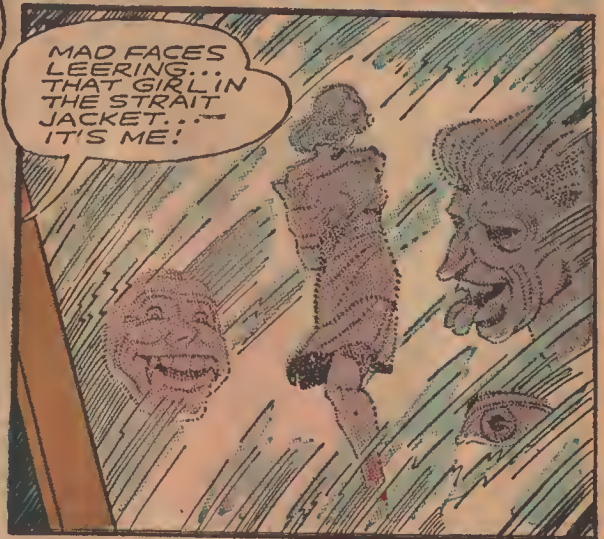
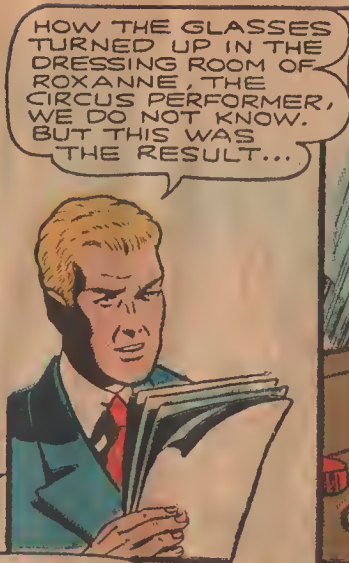


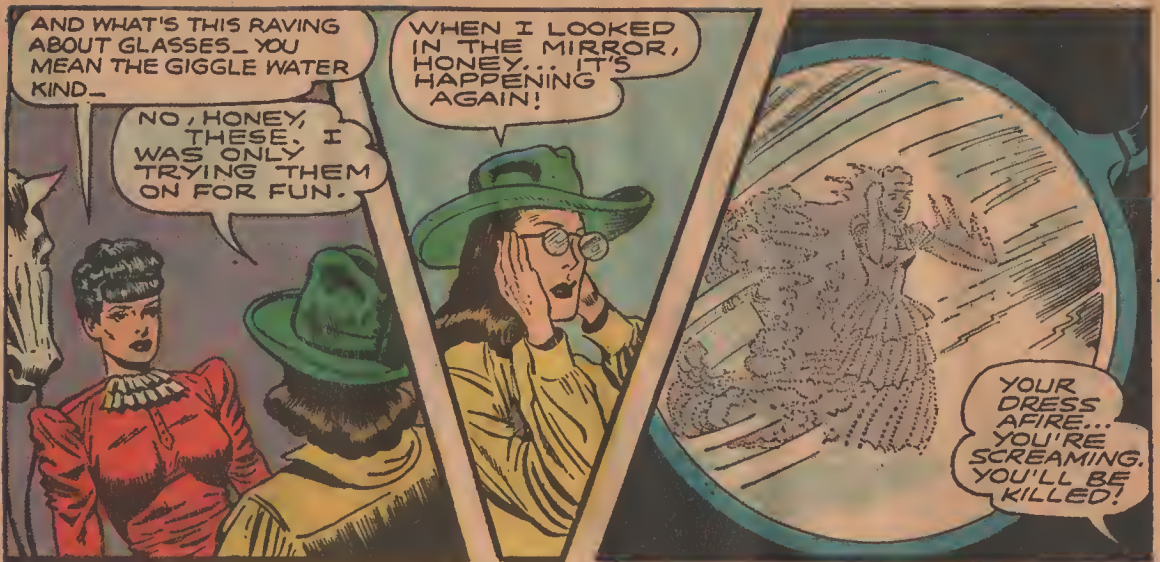


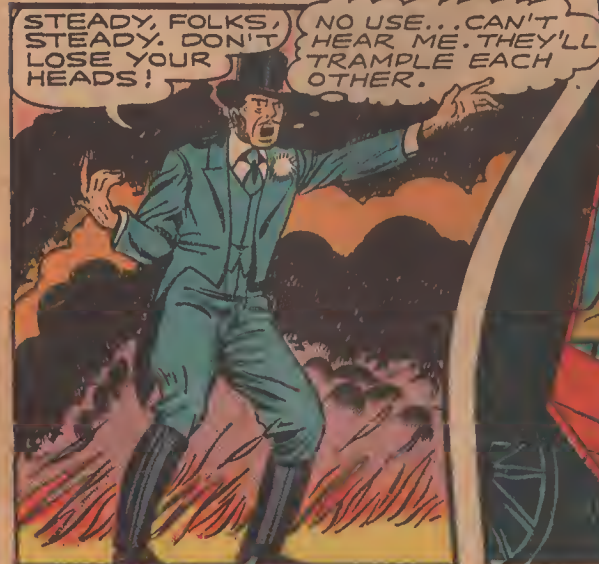
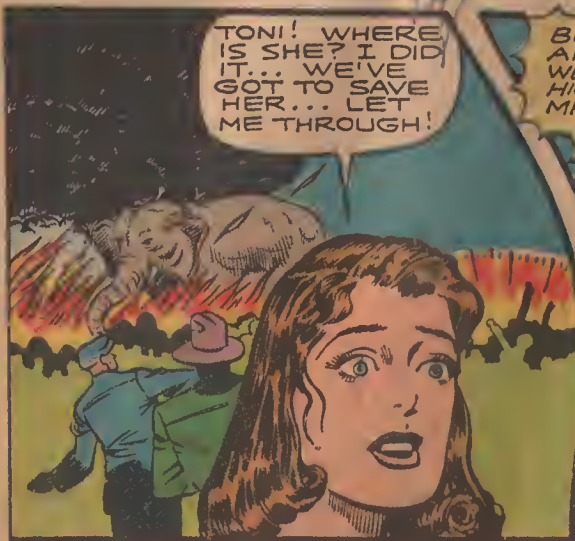
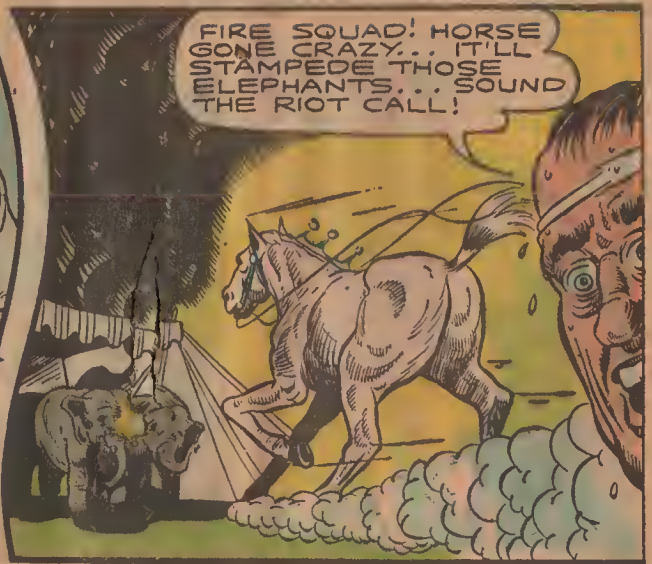












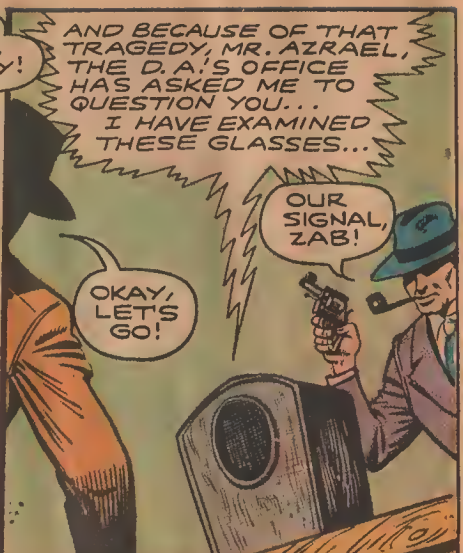


I DID IT...MY FAULT...
I CAUSED IT ALL...

POOR KID!
GET THE
STRAIGHT-
JACKET!



TEN KILLED...
SIX KIDS MISSIN'...
WHAT A TRAGEDY!



AND BECAUSE OF THAT
TRAGEDY, MR. AZRAEL,
THE D. A.'S OFFICE
HAS ASKED ME TO
QUESTION YOU...
I HAVE EXAMINED
THESE GLASSES...

OUR
SIGNAL,
ZAB!

OKAY,
LET'S
GO!



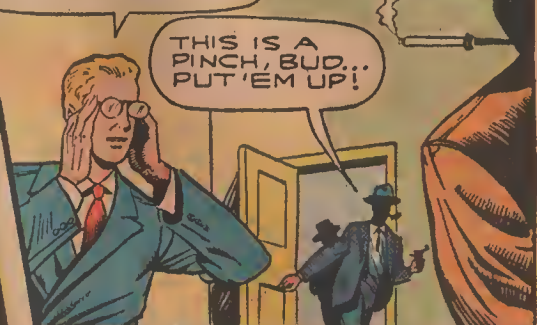
AND OUR TESTS
SHOW NOTHING
UNUSUAL ABOUT
THEM...CAN YOU
EXPLAIN THE
MYSTERY OF
THEM...AND OF
YOU?

SOMETIMES
THEY WORK...
SOMETIMES NOT...
PUT THEM ON
NOW!

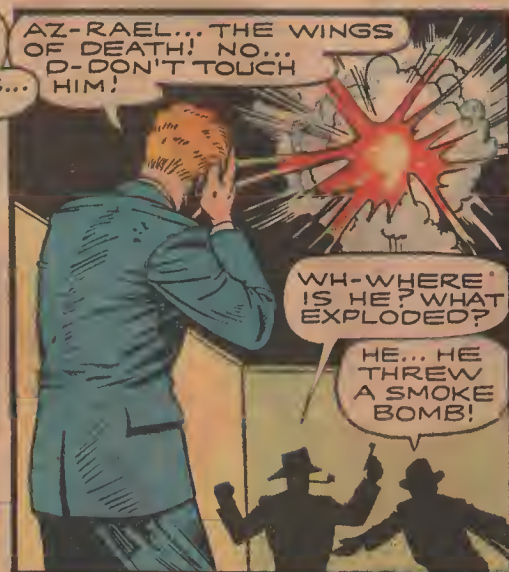
LOOK AT MY FACE, MR. MURDOCH,
AND PERHAPS IT WILL TELL
YOU WHY MY EYES MUST
SEE THE FUTURE FOR
GOOD OR FOR EVIL...
WHAT'S THIS?
A TRAP?

BUT I SEE
ONLY A FOGGY
SHAPE...WAIT!
NOW IT CLEARS...

THIS IS A
PINCH, BUD...
PUT 'EM UP!



MY FACE AND MY
NAME...ADD THEM
UP, MR. MURDOCH...
NOW MY GLASSES...
QUICK, I MUST
GO!



AZ-RAEL...THE WINGS
OF DEATH! NO...
D-DON'T TOUCH
HIM!

WH-WHERE
IS HE? WHAT
EXPLODED?

HE... HE
THREW
A SMOKE
BOMB!

AND SO IT
READS ON THE
DISTRICT
ATTORNEY'S
REPORT...
"...OWNER OF
GLASSES
EVADED
QUESTIONS...
ESCAPED
ARREST BY
UNCERTAIN
MEANS...
FURTHER
SEARCH FOR
HIM UNAVAIL-
ING...
SUGGEST
THAT FILES
ON THIS CASE
BE REMOVED
AND
DESTROYED..."
Signed,
Drew Murdoch
SPECIAL
INVESTIGATOR.

A MAN'S PASTIME

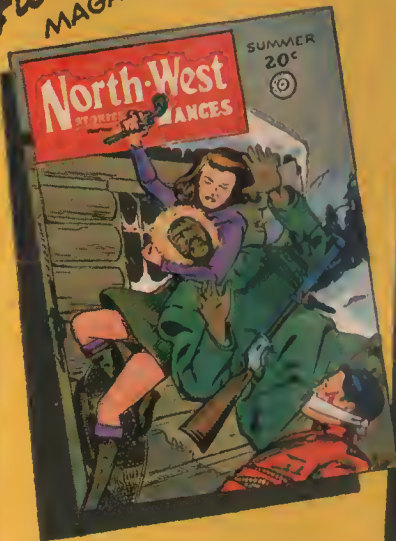
AFTER THE DAY'S WORK—
FIRST A SATISFYING DINNER...
A WELL-CRUSTED PIPE... AND
A TALE OF DARING IN SOME
DISTANT LAND.

MEN HAVE ALWAYS CRAVED
A TOUCH OF HARD-HITTING
ADVENTURE TO WILE AWAY
THE SLOW EVENING HOURS.

NOWHERE WILL YOU FIND
SUCH A TREASURY OF CLEAN-
CUT, EXCITING ACTION
STORIES AS IN THESE

Fiction House
Magazines.

3
OF THE
WELL-KNOWN
Fiction House
MAGAZINES

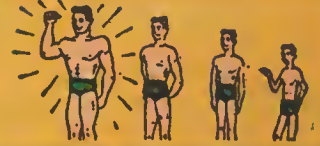


Look for the **FICTION HOUSE** Bull's Eye



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Just a little time right now to mail the coupon will start you on the road to having muscles. Power . . . force . . . stamina . . . confidence . . . and a "body magnificent" will quickly be your reward. You'll find a change in yourself within a few months that will increase your own mental attitude as well as your physical appearance. ACT QUICKLY . . . don't put it off another day.

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☐ C.O.D. — (I agree to pay C.O.D. and postage charges.)

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